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GOLDEN WEDDING IS CELEBRATED ROYALLY

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lyle, of Houserville, Married 50 Years.

FIFTY DINNER GUESTS

Wedded Half Century Ago at Boalsburg with Rev. Mr. Secrist as Officiating Minister—Seven Children Present on Anniversary.

Fifty years ago Tuesday last, Ira Lyle and Mary Werts were married at Boalsburg by Rev. Mr. Secrist. The golden anniversary of their wedding day was celebrated on November 16th in royal fashion at their home at Houserville. Among those present to extend good wishes on the happy occasion were their four daughters and three sons. Present also were about fifty neighbors and other friends.

It was a happy assemblage that was seated about the dinner table, and the menu served was in every way in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Incidents of a half century of happily married life were recounted and none present were younger in spirits than the bride and groom. They were the recipients of numerous useful and handsome gifts from admiring friends.

Mr. Lyle is a Civil war veteran. He served with distinction as a member of the 13th Penna. Regt. Vols, and participated in a number of hard-fought battles.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

Rev. Lee Starke Opens Series of Interesting Services at M. E. Church.

The opening guns of the Methodist Episcopal church revival were fired Monday night by Evangelist Lee Starke, of New York, who is known all over the country as the "Newspaper Evangelist." Mr. Starkes's plain, pointed, powerful, and fearless preaching has made a good impression on his hearers. The crowds are increasing each night, the enthusiasm is becoming contageous, and the people are freely predicting great things to result from the meetings.

The evangelist is a Virginian by birth and is a man tremendously in earnest, a good speaker and more than realizes the expectation of his hearers.

There seeme to be no doubt but that the church will be packed at every service to hear this noted evangelist. Probably no man ever came to Bellefonte better recommended than Mr. Starke, and thus far he has proven himself a man who is absolutely fearless and at times elcquent and above all a man of deep spirituality.

The evangelist has consented to remain in Bellefonte until Sunday night, November 28th, and to preach twice daily, and three times on Sundays. Friday night Mr. Starke is to take for his subject "The Dry Bones of Bellefonte." Saturday night, "Who is your Sweetheart?" While this is to be a lecture-sermon to young women, yet everybody is invited. Sunday morning the topic is to be "The Second Birth". At 3 P. M. "Our Children," and at 7.30 P. M. "The Old Ship Zion."

There is spirited singing by a chorus of about fifty voices. This is one of the special features of the meetings. "Starke's Select Songs" will be used exclusively.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John D. Tubridy, Irene B. Leeder,	Moshannon "
Charles W. Coble, Mildred T. Johnson,	Lemont Bellefonte
Daniel W. Baylets, Mary Mae Markel,	Centre Hall Linden Hall
James Sheffer, Margaret Kesling,	Snow Shoe "
Clair Hall, Maria Harvey,	Snow Shoe "

Hospital Donations.

All friends of the Bellefonte hospital are asked to kindly keep in mind the annual Thanksgiving week donations. Contributions of money, linens, provision, etc., will be gratefully received. James Krape, from the hospital, will distribute paper bags throughout the town in the next day or two and these will later be collected. Persons preferring to do so are requested to send their contributions direct to the hospital.

Appointed Mercantile Appraiser.

John R. Herd, of Philipsburg, was on Tuesday appointed by the Board of County Commissioners to be Mercantile Appraiser for Centre County for the year 1916.

GATE TO BIG SPRING IS ORDERED LOCKED

Open to Public for Century and No Harm Done.

BUT 'TWASN'T MODERN

State Health Commissioner Dixon Advised That Public be Excluded and Borough Council Issued Orders Accordingly.

No matter how thirsty you may be, nor how great may be your desire to board the water wagon, don't waste your time by going out to Bellefonte's famous big spring. For the gate to the high iron fence surrounding the spring has been locked. Borough Council issued the decree at Monday night's meeting. Not that Council considered such drastic measures really necessary, but because Dr. Dixon, State Health Commissioner, said that he thought so. The Doctor was afraid that disease germs might be transmitted to the spring and thereby endanger the health of the people of Bellefonte. Despite the fact that for more than a century the famous spring has been open to the public, and with no trouble of any kind resulting therefrom, Doctor Dixon desired that the fence gate be locked to keep out bugs in the future. Despite the additional fact that the tremendous outflow of the spring makes pollution next to impossible, Doctor Dixon advised barring out all visitors. To him it made no difference that the borough only recently had purchased an automatic drinking cup machine for public use at the spring. Bellefonte was facing a health crisis, even though nobody in Bellefonte knew it. Somebody told somebody who told somebody else who told Doctor Dixon that the popular bathing place for residents here, and also distinguished visitors, was our big spring. Somebody should have told the Doctor something about the temperature of the water, but apparently this was overlooked. Hence the Doctor's request to Council and that body's formal adoption of a resolution Monday night which limits visitors and others to a peek through the fence at the spring which has made Bellefonte famous. The health of the community has been saved, but Bellefonte has been wiped off the map as a bathing resort.

Having ordered the fence gate at the spring locked Council followed this up with another resolution directing several nearby property owners to abandon cesspools and connect their properties with borough sewers within ten days.

Prior to this Council adopted a resolution requesting the county commissioners to make needed repairs to the superstructure of the iron bridge at the foot of Lamb Street. A counter-petition from property owners, requesting no action for the removal of the Haupt and Brown warehouses on Potter Street was read. Recently a petition was filed with Council asking that these buildings be moved and the street restored to its original lines. There the matter rests. It has been tossed about like a football in Council for months.

Council directed Secretary Kelly to notify the State-Centre Electric Co. and the Bellefonte Steam Co., as well as all others, that a borough ordinance specifically prohibits the tearing up of paved streets without proper permission in order to make repairs. For some time past the brick and asphalt paving have been torn up almost at will and Council purposes putting a stop to the practice.

Before adjourning Council directed that $2,000 be applied to the borough sinking fund, this being the customary annual amount laid aside for that purpose.

Farmer Kicked by Horse.

Attempting to hitch up a horse at the farm of Harry L. Rodgers, of near Warriorsmark, Gardner Rodgers, aged 22, a farmhand, was kicked in the face by the animal last Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock and was injured so badly that he was taken to the Altoona hospital. Rodgers' face was kicked almost to a pulp, although his eyes miraculosly escaped injury and he sustained no broken bones. Small particles were chipped from the bones of the nose and his left jaw, but no fractures resulted. Dr. Wilson, of Tyrone, was summoned and dressed the young man's injuries and then sent him to the hospital. He has been resting well and will likely suffer no serious results, although his face will likely be scarred.

License Court Dec. 18.

License court will be held before Judge Orvis on Saturday, December 18th. The only new application filed thus far is that by Frank Kohlbecker, in Milesburg.

Justices of Peace and Supervisors Chosen In Centre County at Recent Election.

At the recent election the following Justices of the Peace were elected in Centre County:—

Kline Woodring, Bellefonte.
W. C. Cassidy, Bellefonte.
Thomas Faxon, Milesburg.
John F. Musser, Millheim.
J. E. Hawkins, Philipsburg.
H. C. Warfel, Philipsburg.
J. B. Hoffman, Philipsburg.
James I. Varnell, Snow Shoe.
M. Woomer, State College.
Abram Houser, Bellefonte.
Harry C. Wagner, Milesburg.
J. W. Getz, Lemont.
D. W. Miller, Pine Grove Mills.
T. B. Jamison, Spring Mills.
J. A. Way, Stormstown.
J. W. Swabb, Linden Hall.
W. C. Thompson, Howard.
O. H. Nason, Julian.
W. G. Tallheim, Julian.
Frank Courter, Blanchard.
A. N. Corman, Rebersburg.
J. G. Mattern, Benore.
E. E. Smith, Millheim.
C. A. Weaver, Coburn.
F. A. Carson, Spring Mills.
J. W. Merryman, Sandy Ridge.
John Rossman, Zion.
J. W. Williams, Port Matilda.
H. L. Barger, Snow Shoe.

Township Supervisors were also elected as follows, in each case the first named for six years and the two others for five years, each:

BENNER
James Rowan, Bellefonte.
John Benner, Bellefonte.
W. G. Saxion, Bellefonte.

BOGGS
G. P. Heverly, Milesburg.
Christ Beezer, Milesburg.
H. K. Walker, Yarnell.

BURNSIDE
Chester Beightol, Moshannon.
Elmer L. Yothers, Pine Glenn.
Roland Barger, Moshannon.

COLLEGE
E. M. Houser, Bellefonte.
I. J. Dreese, Lemont.
Jonathan Tressler, Oak Hall.

CURTIN
James Boone, Howard, R. F. D.
George S. Mann, Howard, R. F. D.
D. R. Confer, Howard, R. F. D.

FERGUSON
C. E. Corl, State College, R. F. D.
F. H. Swabb, Pine Grove Mills.
John T. Reed, Penna. Furnace.

GREGG
Jacob Musser, Spring Mills, R. F. D.
L. P. Smith, Spring Mills, R. F. D.
W. F. Stover, Spring Mills, R. F. D.

HAINES
James Vonada, Woodward.
Frank W. Keister, Aaronsburg.
H. S. Winkleblech, Aaronsburg.

HALF MOON.
D. H. Way, Stormstown.
D. C. Harpster, Stormstown.
Newton Wilson, WarriorsMark.

HARRIS
David Bohn, Linden Hall.
O. W. Stover, Boalsburg.
J. A. Gingerich, Boalsburg.

HOWARD
John Haagen, Howard.
William Aikey, Curtin, R. F. D.
J. Linn Pletcher, Howard.

HUSTON
Aaron Fahr, Julian.
J. P. Turner, Julian.
W. O. Steel, Julian.

LIBERTY
Joseph Smith, Blanchard.
Albert Schenck, Howard, R. F. D.
Nicholas Lucas, Blanchard.

MARION
John F. Grove, Zion.
B. F. Vonada, Nittany, R. F. D.
B. B. Kling, Nittany, R. F. D.

MILES
B. W. Royer, Madisonburg.
W. J. Bair, Rebersburg.
Adam Stover, Wolfs Store.

PATTON
J. W. Hartsock, Stormstown.
J. W. Blair, Bellefonte, R. F. D.
F. H. Clemson, Stormstown, R. F. D.

PENN
J. W. Confer, Coburn.
Nicholemus Luse, Coburn.
J. H. Corman, Coburn.

POTTER
Ira Auman, Spring Mills, R. F. D.
W. A. Jordan, Spring Mills, R. F. D.
John Kuhn, Centre Hall.

RUSH
Daniel Moore, Munson.
Edward Hess, Philipsburg.
H. H. Moore, Sandy Ridge.

SNOW SHOE
C. L. Quick, Moshannon.
George W. Witherite, Snow Shoe.
M. Conway, Snow Shoe.

SPRING
Frank Wian, Bellefonte.
James L. Kerstetter, Bellefonte.
E. K. Keller, Bellefonte.

TAYLOR
M. C. Walk, Port Matilda.
David Howard, Port Matilda.
M. J. Henderson, Port Matilda.

UNION
George Spotts Fleming.
Daniel Boop, Fleming.
E. P. Lucas, Fleming.

WALKER
E. J. Evers, Hublersburg.
William Clevenstine, Zion.
Albert Shaffer, Zion.

WORTH
H. F. Chaney, Port Matilda.
Dennis Reese, Port Matilda.
George R. Price, Port Matilda.

Mary Edna Eby Dead.

Mary Edna Eby, daughter of John W. and Jane Eby, died at 7.15 o'clock last Friday morning at the home of her parents at Zion. Stricken on the previous Sunday with paralysis she soon lapsed into unconsciousness from which she never rallied. The circumstances of her death are particularly sad. She was a young woman seemingly blessed with perfect health. Endowed with a genial disposition and possessing all the vigor of youth she made life happy for not only herself but also for those about her. On the threshold of womanhood and with everything to look forward to, she suddenly became ill. On the Sunday previous to her death she attended the Lutheran church at Zion, of which she was an active, earnest member. That evening, with some other friends, she visited at the Harry Rockey home nearby. Apparently in good health at the time and in the best of spirits she returned home about ten o'clock. One hour later she was stricken. Her condition rapidly became worse and finally, with those nearest and dearest to her assembled about her bedside, she slept into death. To her parents and friends the realization that she had passed away came as a crushing blow. A home of ideal happiness had been changed into one of deepest sorrow and the father and mother who had idolized her were left heart-broken. To ones in such grief there could be but the comforting thought that one who had been loved so much had only been called to a better and purer world. The deceased was aged 24 years, 9 months and 12 days. She was popular with her young friends and will be greatly missed by all and particularly in the Sunday school in which she was an untiring worker. The high esteems in which she was held was testified to in the very largely attended funeral services held from the Zion Lutheran church on Monday morning at 10 o'clock Rev. Mr. Shultz officiating. There were over fifty automobiles in the funeral procession and several hundred persons were unable to gain admission to the church, so large was the throng of mourning friends. Interment was made in the Zion cemetery.

Warren M. Leathers Dead.

Warren Mitchell Leathers died in the Roaring Spring hospital last Tuesday evening after an extended illness. The deceased was born at Mt. Eagle March 2d, 1853, the son of Nathan and Margaret Leathers. From Mt. Eagle he removed to Snow Shoe and a year or more ago he was stricken with paralysis. He is survived by these children: Mrs. John R. Smith, of Renovo; Chauncey Leathers, of Stoneboro; Mrs. C. C. Davis, of McKeesport, and Mrs. J. W. Kleckner, and Miss Alice Leathers, of Tyrone. Surviving also the following brothers and sister: Daniel Leathers, Juniata, Mrs. W. C. Syder, Garrett, Indiana; Mrs. D. D. Long, Sunbury; Harry Leathers, Mrs. Laura Starr and Lynn Leathers, all of Curwensville.

Lillian Eisenhauer Dead.

Miss Lillian Eisenhauer, of Milesburg, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Wentzel, at Tyrone, last Saturday morning from paralysis. Miss Eisenhauer went to Tyrone about one month ago to visit her sister, when she became ill. She gradually grew worse until the end came at the time noted. Deceased was born at Milesburg, January 30, 1896. The body was taken to Milesburg where funeral services were held on Tuesday. Interment at Milesburg.

EARLE C. TUTEN IS SUMMONED BY DEATH

Passed Away at DuBois After Few Days Illness.

WAS FORMER REGISTER

Stricken with Erysipelas and Died before Old Home Friends Learned of His Illness—Interment Made Here Wednesday.

It was with a deep sense of regret throughout the community that word was received last Sunday night of the death of Earle C. Tuten, at DuBois. It had not been known here that he had been ill and the news of his sudden passing came as a shock to a wide circle of friends. It seems that he was taken ill toward the latter part of the week, suffering from erysipelas. His condition was not regarded as at all serious, we are informed, but on Saturday it became critical and on Sunday evening he breathed his last.

The body was removed to Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon. Funeral services were held on Wednesday at 4 o'clock. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. Rev. J. Vernon Bell, of DuBois officiated. The services at the grave were in charge of the Masons

Few men in Bellefonte, young or old, had as many friends as did Earle Tuten. Everybody liked him. He was clean, honorable and conscientious in all that he did, and blessed with a manner so gentle that he never knowingly hurt the feelings of others.

The deceased was born at Sheldon Falls, Mass., December 4th, 1870, the son of Edward Tirrell and Maria Phoebe Tuten. At the time of death he was aged 44 years, 11 months and 10 days. When he was a child his parents removed to Bellefonte and he resided here virtually all of his life. His father purchased "The Republican", which later passed to the son, the newspaper remaining in the family until purchased by the present owner in July, 1909.

In 1905 Earle Tuten was elected Register of Centre County and three years later was accorded a re-election. Following his retirement from that office he engaged in the insurance business for a time. In 1914 he removed to DuBois, being engaged with newspapers there to the time of his death. His latest work there was with the DuBois "Express." He was a member of the Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, also of the Bellefonte Lodge of Elks and the Bellefonte Presbyterian church. During his residence in DuBois he was an attendant at the First Presbyterian church of that place.

On December 7th, 1903, Mr. Tuten married Rebekah Cole, who survives with two children, Tirrell and John. A daughter, Alice, is dead. There survive also a sister, Mrs. Charles L. Gates, of Bellefonte, and three aunts, Sarah and Susan R. Tuten, of Ayer, Mass., and Esther P. Tuten, of Dover, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Jemima Ammerman Dead.

Mrs. Jemima Ammerman, of Unionville, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Hoover, at Northwood, near Tyrone, from cancer of the liver on Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Ammerman spent the summer months at her home in Unionville and the winter months with her daughter at Northwood. She was taken ill ten days ago and grew gradually worse until the end came.

Mrs. Ammerman was born April 8, 1837, in Centre county, and resided all her life in Bald Eagle valley. Her husband, Joseph Ammerman, died about 18 years ago. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. David Hoover, of Northwood, and one son, A. W. Ammerman, of Unionville. She is also survived by nine grandchildren. She was possessed with many excellent qualities and lived a consistent christian life. She was a devoted member of the Messiah church at Unionville.

Funeral services were held at the Hoover home in Northwood on Thursday morning, conducted by Rev. E. G. Sawyer, pastor of the United Brethren church. The body was taken to Unionville for burial.

Death of Infant.

Guy Kenneth, the 7 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Estrich, residing at the Valentine forge, died on Tuesday afternoon. The child had been ill for some time. Interment will be made this afternoon. The sympathy of their many friends is with the parents in the time of their sad bereavement.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

UNIONVILLE POSTMASTER DROPS DEAD IN OFFICE

J. Wilbur Smith Stricken Fatally Tuesday Morning.

DUE TO HEART FAILURE

Prominent Bald Eagle Valley Resident Passed Away Suddenly While Attending to His Duties—Had been Enjoying Good Health.

Postmaster J. Wilbur Smith, of Unionville, dropped dead in the Unionville post office shortly after 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. His lifeless body was found a short time afterward and removed to his home. He had been in apparent good health and was feeling in good spirits when he went to his office for the day. He was stricken with heart failure and expired while attending to his duties.

The deceased was aged about 52 years and was a well known and highly esteemed resident of Unionville. He was appointed postmaster several years ago. He was a son of William D. and Sarah W. Smith. He never married. Surviving are these sisters, Alice E., Mrs. C. A. VanValin and Mrs. George Lewis, the last named at present critically ill in the Clearfield hospital; also a half sister, Mrs. Daniel Bock, and a brother, Frank W. Smith, all of Unionville. Funeral services will be held at Unionville on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Disastrous Joy Ride.

The Lock Haven "Dispatch" on Monday published the following: Cecil Overton, a young colored man of this city, is in jail awaiting a hearing on several charges, growing out of his hiring W. J. Johnson's Cadillac taxi car yesterday, and failing to return at the appointed time, besides putting the car on the "rinky dink."

Overton secured the car in the forenoon and was to return the same by 3 o'clock, but he has not put in an appearance by 8 o'clock, when Mr. Johnson solicited the aid of the local police in locating the colored gentleman and his party of joyriders. It was learned they were in Bellefonte, and Chief of Police Dukeman, of that place, was requested to arrest Overton which he did at 10 o'clock last night.

Patrolman Mack, Jimmy Lose and others left here at 11 o'clock in an auto to bring the prisoner and car to this city. Officer Mack brought his man back and lodged him in jail, but the car was in such bad shape that Mr. Lose returned without it. The owner, Mr. Johnson, went to Bellefonte this forenoon to look his car over and bring it here after repairs are made.

Nine are Naturalized.

Nine applicants for naturalization were able to pass the required examination before Judge Orvis on Tuesday and were formally admitted into citizenship. Several others were dismissed or continued for one cause or another. Those to become American citizens were Alex Dudish, Joseph Prebosk, Stanislaw Szal, John Nowatka, Michael Parko and Joseph Domicko, all of Rush Township; Paul Rogers and Paul Shuska, of Snow Shoe Township, and Antony Boscino, of Bellefonte. The application of Joseph Krupka, of Rush Township, and Gniepo Crisi, of Bellefonte, were continued. Two applicants failed to appear and three others were rejected.

Top of Head Shot Off.

George Matthiss, of Hyner, was out hunting last Saturday when his double-barreled shotgun caught against a barb-wired fence releasing both hammers and blowing off the top of his head. The accident occurred while the unfortunate man was attempting to crawl over a fence. He was killed instantly. The deceased was a well known and successful farmer.

Union Thanksgiving Services.

The annual Union Thanksgiving services under the auspices of the Bellefonte ministerium will be held in the Presbyterian church on Thursday morning, November 25th, at 10 o'clock, sharp. The sermon will be delivered by the Rev. E. Fulcomer, pastor of the United Evangelical Association. The offering will be given to the Hospital fund.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Albert Hipple, Unionville; Mrs. Almeta Smith, Woodward.

Admitted for treatment—Irvin Logue, Unionville; William Johnson, Milesburg; John Korach, Snow Shoe.

Discharged—Corbin McKinley, Miss Rebecca Boggs, Milesburg.

KILLED BY COMRADE

Letter from Texas Explains Shooting of Private Elmer O. Davis.

Some weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davis, of Spruce Creek, received a telegram announcing that their son, Elmer O. Davis, a private in Company E, 28th, U. S. Infantry, had been shot and killed in Texas. The despatch stated that he had been "shot dead on border line", and it naturally was supposed that he had met death while on duty. The young man's body did not arrive at Penna. Furnace until nine days after he was shot. Burial was made at Meek's cemetery direct from the train at Penna. Furnace. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davis have always lived at Penna. Furnace until a few years ago.

On learning of his son's death Mr. Davis wrote asking for the particulars. Last week he received a letter explaining that his son had been shot and killed by another member of Company E. The letter containing this information was written by Captain J. T. Watson, of Company E. from Dallas, Texas, and was as follows:

From Capt. James T. Watson, Co. E, 28th, Infantry.

To B. F. Davis, Spruce Creek, Pa.

Subject—Death of Private Elmer O. Davis.

Replying to your letter of 8th. Your son was shot and killed by Private Wm. H. Jones, this Company, Sept. 19th., 5.56 P. M.

Private Davis, died within about two minutes. His last words, in fact his only words, he said, were to Private Harry E. Harker, this Company, "Harker, I am shot".

I was not present with the Company at the time, but so far as I am able to learn, the facts are as follows:

Private Jones had some time previously been injured and a silver plate had been placed in his skull. I have since learned this was a subject of jest in the Company and a common remark to him was concerning his "Tin roof". Evidently he was getting sore about this, and also he was drinking on the day in question. He was on kitchen police and I hear, had been drinking.

I believe there had been considerable teasing about Private Jones at supper and your son was one of those who were taking part in it.

After supper Jones obtained his rifle from his tent, telling the Corporal he was going to clean it. Later he appeared in the door of the tent and fired at your son whose back was turned to him. The other men in the tent had their backs to the door also. Private Jones worked the bolt of his rifle several times and then dropped it and ran. He was pursued and caught. He said something about "getting" one more. The cut-off of his rifle was turned off.

Private Jones is now in the hands of Civil Authorities at Galveston, Texas, with trial set for January.

Effects have been shipped this date via Wells Fargo Express,

J. T. WATSON,

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 6, 1915, Capt. 28th Inf.

Clean Milk.

Not many years ago everybody kept a cow. Now-a-days the city dweller's milk may have been hauled across two or three states before the milk bottle finally comes to rest upon the door step.

The majority of people seem to feel that if their milk is fresh it is likewise clean. Unfortunately nothing could be further from the truth, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. Dirty dairies and unclean handling is far too common. In the majority of smaller communities there is little or no supervision of dairy farms and dealers.

As a result milk is often the agent by which disease is transmitted. Typhoid fever, septic sore throat, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other communicable diseases can readily be spread along the milk man's route. This is particularly true where the insanitary practice is followed of filling the empty bottles, which have been set out by customers, and delivering them at other houses, instead of taking them back to the dairy for proper cleansing and sterilization.

There are many instances on record where extensive typhoid epidemics have been traced to this practice.

Where city milk supplies are obtained from a wide-spread territory covering several states, inspection of the individual dairy farm becomes almost an impossibility and pasteurization offers the only effective method of protection to insure milk free from disease germs. This does not necessarily mean clean milk.

Milk produced in states where the dairy farms are efficiently supervised by state inspectors is to be preferred. When the cleanliness of the raw milk is assured it is to be desired and is more easily digested than milk which has been pasteurized.

Every action in the handling of milk and the care of the dairy stock is important. If an absolutely clean supply is to be assured we must have healthy cattle properly cared for, cleanliness in milking and in the handling of the milk and the maintenance of the proper temperature from the time it is brought in by the milker until it is consumed.

Impure blood runs you down—make you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price $1.00.

STATE INSURANCE RATES

Statement Explaining Operation of Workmen's Compensation Act.

Official announcement of the general plan of the state's rates for liability insurance in the state workmen's compensation insurance fund was made at Harrisburg this week by State Treasurer Robert K. Young, chairman of the insurance fund board, in the following statement:

"The board will make a reduction from the approved rates of the insurance rate manual of ten per centum and the minimum premium is fixed at $5."

In connection with this announcement the following explanatory statement was issued by Albert L. Allen, assistant manager of the state insurance fund:

"The approved rate reduction of 10 per cent. on all rates, concerns all employers of labor in the state of Pennsylvania. The law creating the fund requires that the premium rates shall be fixed at the lowest amount consistent with the maintenance of a solvent fund and the creating of an adequate surplus and reserve. The fund pays no commissions to agents and does not have to earn profits for stockholders, while for the first three and one half years the entire expenses of the management are paid by the state. The elimination of these expenses is sufficient to allow the board to write insurance at this reduction of original rate. The balance remaining which may be applicable of the basis of an average experience, also gives every prospect of returning a very substantial rebate in dividends to subscribers at the end of the year, so as to bring the cost of insurance in the state down to a much lower basis. Employers may obtain their compensation insurance in the state at a rate lower than that charged by the stock and mutual companies and secure a complete release of their personal liability and full production of their property against compensation liens. If the subscriber to the fund makes the report of an accident within seven days, his liability ceases and is transferred automatically to the fund, so that no valid lien can be filed against the property of an employer insuring in it. Every other form of insurance leaves the employer personally liable, so that every agreement or award of compensation may be deferred as a lien against his real estate wherever situated within the state, and this lien cannot be discharged until the whole compensation agreed upon or awarded has been paid in full.

"There is also the advantage to subscribers in the state fund that there will be no contingent liability to assessments. The purpose of the act was to make the payment of the premium the sole liability to subscribers, and no assessment will be levied in any case, as there is not one word in the act creating the state fund that directly gives or by implication suggests the right of assessments. The state fund will provide insurance at net cost and by the elimination of the operating expenses, which other companies must pay out of their premiums, it is reasonable to assume that the state can furnish complete protection under the new law at a price below that of other insurance.

"In the announcement of $5 as the minimum premium, the board has solved the problem which has been confronting the small employer with one, two or less than five employes engaged in occupations of a minor hazard. This amount was decided upon as an inducement to the small employer to insure in the state fund, as it was apparent that it would be necessary to issue the insurance for the small employer at a price which would not be a burden to him. The employer will have the same complete protection and release from liability as the regular policy, and it is intended to encourage the acceptance of the workmen's compensation act by the employers whose estimated payroll is of an amount where the individual classifications are not computable at a rate which would exceed the minimum figure."

Penn State Student Killed.

From injuries sustained in a 85-foot fall from a window on the fourth floor of the Hotel Allen, at Allentown, John Merion, of Ward, Delaware county, a senior in chemistry at State College, met death early last Friday morning. Merion was one of a party of 27 students, chaperoned by Dr. J. B. Churchill, professor of industrial chemistry, on a trip of inspection to industrial plants in the Lehigh Valley and New York State.

They arrived at Allentown at 10.20 Thursday evening and were immediately shown to their rooms, but there were larks in the hotel hallways after midnight.

Coroner Goheen held an inquest, and, after hearing the stories of half a dozen witnesses, the jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. It developed that, following the arrival of the students in Allentown, a party went on a lark, and it was after 2 o'clock in the morning before Merion and his chum, F. W. Wagner, were assigned to their rooms.

The two amused themselves, according to the testimony of witnesses, practicing football signals in the hall, until some of the regular guests complained.

Wagner said that he and Merion then tumbled into bed, and soon they were sound asleep. Wagner's theory of the accident was that his companion had arisen during the night, and, while wandering about the dark room, had accidentally fallen out of the open window.

EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE

But There Was Compensation

By F. A. MITCHEL

A carriage was driven up to a handsome residence in rural England. An old man was assisted by a lackey to alight and was met by another old man on the terrace. There was a striking likeness between the two, who embraced with great emotion.

Edmond Stanhope, earl of Cumberwald, the host, and his brother, the Hon. Charles Stanhope, had not met for many years. The earl's wife from the date of her marriage set herself to break up his relations with the members of his family and with her own. One by one through her connivance they had become estranged from him. The last one the lady drove away was his brother, Charles, whom he loved and who loved him better than all the world.

And now, Lady Cumberwald having passed away, and the earl, having lost his children save a younger daughter, being alone, had sent for his brother. There were no differences to make up. Charles understanding that his brother's wife had come between them and that Edgar had simply been unable to withstand her. Charles asked no reason for his brother's having ignored him for so many years, and Edmond gave none. There was a tacit understanding between them.

When Charles had been with his brother several days Edmond sat down with him to consult as to what should become of the title after his death. Edmond's daughter, the only one of his children still living, had married a Canadian against her father's wishes, and he had never seen her since. She had one son, Richard Carrington, now a youngster of eighteen. Charles had a son, who had gravitated to the United States, and this son, Hugh Stanhope, had married and begotten a daughter, Gladys.

By a dispensation of Providence Dick and Gladys of the third generation of the family of Stanhope and Carrington met at an American university composed of a man's and a woman's college. There are many Carringtons and a goodly number of Stanhopes in America, and there was no reason for either to suppose that there was kinship between them. Besides, it is questionable if either knew anything about their progenitors beyond their parents and relatives of their own generation.

But to return to the old gentleman in England. There was some question as to who would inherit the Cumberwald title and estates at the earl's death. Gladys Stanhope was the heir in the direct female line, while Dick Carrington was the heir in the indirect male line. There would arise at the earl's death other claimants whom he wished to ignore. After a conference the brothers decided that it was desirable to unite the title and estates by a marriage between Dick Carrington and Gladys Stanhope.

Within a week after the conference between the brothers an agent was dispatched to America to find young Mr. Carrington and Miss Gladys Stanhope and convey to each the intentions of their grandfathers.

One morning there was a commotion at Meredith hall, the name by which the women's college was known where Gladys Stanhope was being educated. The night before half a dozen young ladies, contrary to the college rules, had left their dormitories, met as many students of the parent institution, Hart university, and gone for a straw ride without a chaperon even of the same material as the cushions of the wagon. One of these girls, Gladys Stanhope, had not escaped the vigilant eye of a college duenna, who had followed her just in time to see the wagon drive away. The duenna had remained on watch till 2 o'clock in the morning, when she had seen Miss Stanhope return under the escort of a young man who had climbed a waterspout, let down a rope and assisted her to mount. He had then descended and made tracks across the campus.

Gladys Stanhope was called before the dean of the college, upon whose brow sat a thundercloud. Being interrogated as to where she had been the night before, she confessed that she had been on a straw ride composed of half a dozen students of the men's college and as many of the women's college. They had not stopped anywhere for supper, but after enjoying themselves innocently had returned to their rooms.

The next question propounded to Miss Stanhope was the names of the other five girls who had been engaged in this scandalous infraction of college regulations. These Gladys refused to disclose. After intimating that if she continued in her refusal she would surely be expelled from college and her good name tarnished for life the dean ordered her to her room to think the matter over.

The outcome of the straw ride was at once communicated to the mere men of the party, and a meeting was called in the room of one of their number to deliberate as to what should be done to help the girls out of the scrape. Dick Carrington, who was one of them, was selected to make it known to the dean of Meredith hall that every one of the men who had taken part in the ride would sign an affidavit that there had been not the slightest impropriety in the escapade; that the party had come together simply for the purpose of a moonlight ride and had separated after the ride, each to go to his or her own quarters.

It was expected that Mr. Carrington would take this preliminary step without making himself known. Instead, he called upon the dean and gave her the message in person. He further admitted that he had helped Miss Stanhope to mount to her room after the ride. He told his story in such a straightforward, manly fashion that the dean was convinced that the affair was an innocent frolic, and she would doubtless not have taken any further action in the matter had it not been a gross infraction of college discipline. The reputation of the college was at stake, and an example must be made. Mr. Carrington was informed that Meredith hall had no use for such an affidavit as had been proposed.

The next day Gladys Stanhope received a note from Dick Carrington suggesting that, inasmuch as she had been caught in the act and he had confessed, both would have to suffer and they need be the only victims. Gladys, who did not need this suggestion to keep her from giving away the other members of the straw ride party, replied through the medium who had handed her Dick's letter that she was ready to bear expulsion, but she would not tell.

The next move in this drama was the summoning of Miss Stanhope before the dean. There she found Mr. Carrington, who had been requested to call upon the dean at the time Gladys had been summoned to appear.

"I have desired the presence," said the dean, "of you two students to say that if you will give the names of the other young men and young women who have been engaged in this outrageous infraction of college rules the whole twelve will be suspended for the rest of the academic term; if not, both you, Mr. Carrington, and you, Miss Stanhope, will be expelled."

The culprits received this announcement in silence, which was broken by Dick.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it is essential that Miss Stanhope and I have an opportunity to confer upon our answer without any one else being present."

"Certainly," replied the dean. "Go into the adjoining room. For propriety's sake the door must be left ajar, but you can speak in tones not to be overheard if you consider such a course essential."

When the two found themselves together they found that both were in favor of suffering expulsion rather than turning college evidence. But expulsion would be very hard on Gladys. Something of the odor of a scandal would go with her. Her father was not living, and she had expected on graduation to support her mother by teaching. As for Dick, he had inherited some $20,000 from his father, the income of which he was given by his guardian to put him through college.

"I see but one course for us to pursue," said Dick. "We will suffer expulsion, and if you can be satisfied with me as a husband we may begin life on an income of $1,000 a year. When I come of age I will receive my fortune, but by that time I hope it will not be necessary to touch the principal."

A color came into Gladys' cheek. She would have gladly accepted the terms, but she attributed Dick's proposition rather to a sense of honor than to love. So she told him that she thought she could weather the cloud that would hang over her from her expulsion without his assistance. If he remained of the same mind he might come again.

When the conference was ended and the two rejoined the dean she was much disappointed, for she had hoped to avoid an open scandal. As it was, she felt compelled to make the punishment as conspicuous as possible. She dismissed the culprits and at once entered into a conference with the president of the university, at which it was determined that the students of both colleges were to be assembled in the university chapel to witness the expulsion.

Every student was present at the ceremony. A lecture to Carrington was delivered, in which he was told that the stigma of his dishonorable conduct would cling to him through his whole life. The dean then spoke gravely to Miss Stanhope, holding up before her (for the benefit of the other women students) her great loss in not being able to finish her education. A written communication was then handed to both parties terminating their connection with the university.

The culprits passed down the aisle together. They were stopped at the door of the chapel by a man who said he wished for a brief conversation with them.

"No, thanks," said Carrington; "we don't care to go on the stage or into a dime museum either."

The man then handed each a written communication. Dick opened his, read it, and his face lighted up as if by electricity. He looked at Gladys, and she opened and read her own letter. The communications were the declaration of the Earl of Cumberwald that if they would marry they should inherit together his title and estates after his death.

The students were crowding around the couple and, seeing something momentous had occurred, began to clamor for an explanation. When it came Dick was picked up by men and Gladys by women students and were carried out on to the campus. Then, asked if they would comply with the terms of the offer, Dick shouted, "Yes." Gladys hung her head, whereupon a shout arose that made the old college buildings ring.

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FIRE AT LOCK HAVEN

Flames Damage Old Opera House Building on Saturday.

The Lock Haven opera house, a three story brick building, the largest in the city, was threatened with destruction by fire last Saturday morning but was saved through the work of the fire department after a fight of more than an hour. Besides the damage caused by the fire, which is estimated at $3,000, several business firms on the first floor had considerable loss by smoke and water. Frank Kennedy, a member of the Favlon & Van Musical Comedy company, which had been playing at the opera house this week, sustained a broken leg while trying to save some of the company's property.

The origin of the blaze is unknown. It was discovered about 9.45 o'clock by Frank Drancker, who operates the moving picture machine in the theatre. Drancker was walking across the stage when he noticed smoke coming through a small opening at the rear. An alarm was sent in at once, but before the department arrived the flames had eaten through the stage floor and attacked the drop curtain and scenery. The building quickly filled with a dense smoke that interfered greatly with the efforts of the firemen, who were forced to fight the blaze from the street and adjoining buildings. Six hose streams were soon playing on the fire and by 11 o'clock it was under control.

An investigation showed that the fire had started between the stage and the main floor.

The principal damage in the theatre part of the building was to the stage curtains and scenery, the loss being estimated at $3,000. The comedy company lost part of their costumes and special scenery. When the fire was discovered members of the company ran from their hotel nearby and succeeded in carrying out several trunks.

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William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered for a long time from pains and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage, too. Doan's Kidney Pills cured the attack and restored me to good health." (Statement given October 21st, 1907).

OVER TWO YEARS LATER, Mr. McClellan said: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills once or twice since for backache and disordered kidneys and quickly corrected the trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr McClellan had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Michael Fravel Dead.

Mrs. Michael Fravel died suddenly at her home at Eagleville last week following a stroke of paralysis. She was aged 70 years. Her husband is a Civil war veteran.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

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for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

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NEAL *of the* NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the flames. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts, Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

THE CAVERN OF DEATH

CHAPTER XXV.

A Secret Service Message.

Neal turned to Annette. "Good," he exclaimed, "you're safe at any rate. Where is my mother—where are the rest?"

"In the wireless room," returned Annette. She laughed a bit hysterically. "Even Joe Welcher is quite safe," she said.

Neal held her for a moment, shielding her body with his own. He looked about him.

"This mutiny is over," he said, in a tone of relief.

He was quite right. The mutiny was over, but with disastrous results. Neal's commanding officer lay on the deck with a fractured skull. The captain and the mate of the fruit steamer Coronado were dead or nearly so, and the decks were strewn with disabled, bleeding mutineers.

"Now come with me," said Neal. He waved his hand and a small squad of his companions joined him. He sought and found his mother and her frightened companions, Joe Welcher and the Castro girl—known to the rest as Irene Courtier. He led them aft and placed a guard over them.

"Now," he said warningly, "stay where you are, mother, and all the rest. You, too, Annette. I've got my work cut out for me for some hours."

Annette shook her head. "Not until I dress your arm," she said.

Neal nodded to one of his companions. "Mate," he said, "shoot the first person who disobeys. I've got other fish to fry."

He went back to his work. He wigwagged to the Jackson for his orders. The orders were brief and to the point:

"You take charge of the steamer. We are sending help."

He took charge of the steamer, not only because he was ordered, but because he had to.

Inside of half an hour he had his own lieutenant's wounds carefully and scientifically dressed—had all his own companions well attended to—in short, in a few hours he had righted the ship completely.

He signaled for further orders, for the Coronado was now resting quietly at anchor, and he got his orders:

"Put into the nearest port."

By midnight they had reached the nearest port—had docked. By midnight he had landed all his passengers and had reported considerable progress to his commander on the Jackson. By midnight something else happened—a secret service message filtered through space and got the wireless operator on the destroyer. Reduced from cipher, it read about like this:

American citizen said collecting arms and ammunition at Martinique or Porto Rico for Dolores insurrection. Follow at once. Investigate, arrest, prevent. Report.

Next morning this news had filtered into Neal. He took it to the homely little hotel where Annette and his mother and their party had been harbored for the night. He dropped into a chair.

"Now," he said, "I can talk and listen to some talk. Gee whiz, but I'm dog tired."

Annette pouted; then she smiled. "I love to talk," she said. And then she added two significant words. "Scar-face."

Neal leaped to his feet. "Scar-face," he cried. "Where? When? What?"

"On the Coronado," said Annette. "I saw him twice—Scar-face and his two companions, the big man and the other."

"Tell me everything," said Neal.

She told him. He waited impatiently until she had finished, then darted down upon the wharf again. He boarded the Coronado and gave orders for a search. The search was made, but without avail, for at midnight on the night before something else happened. Hernandez and his two companions, together with his cargo of cocaine and heroin, had slipped quietly overboard into a borrowed rowboat and had disappeared.

Neal, chagrined, went back to Annette.

"The bird has flown," he said disgruntled.

"Where do you go, Neal?" queried his mother.

"It's an open secret where we go," said Neal, "but why we go nobody knows. We go first to Martinique—"

Annette sprang to her feet. "Martinique," she cried, "that is where my father came from—where you picked me up. I go there, too, Neal. It's the beginning point. It is there I can find trace of my father."

Inez shrugged her shoulders. "It is fate," she said.

"We will all go," said Mrs. Hardin, "we will stick to Neal. But how?"

"Search me," said Neal, "but I can find that out—there must be some vessel from this port for southern waters."

Inez rose and placed a hand on Welcher's shoulder. "Leave it to Joey here and me," she said.

They scoured the town, but Inez Castro was looking for something other than a boat for Martinique. Finally she saw what she was looking for—a grimy hand thrust from behind a window shade.

Pausing before the door of a disreputable-looking habitation, she glanced up and down the street, then dragging Joe Welcher close behind her she entered the low doorway and passed into the gloom beyond. A moment later she faced Hernandez and his crew.

"So," she said airily, pushing Joe Welcher into a chair, "so my flash friends, where do you think we go to now?"

"Where?" demanded Hernandez.

"To Martinique," said Inez Castro.

Hernandez smiled and slapped his thigh. "So you go to Martinique," he cried, with a note of triumph in his voice. "How very fortunate. I go to Martinique myself."

* * * * * * *

The governor of Martinique glanced gravely at the pretty girl who faced him. He laid down the piece of tattered parchment that he had just inspected and took up the locket that she placed before him.

"I knew your father well fifteen or sixteen years ago—even before that I remember him. This resembles him this picture, it does indeed." He smiled. "I remember something else I remember also you."

"You remember me," cried Annette "You must have a wonderful memory, sir."

The governor held up his hands "One remembers everything that happened in a year like that," he said, "a year that wiped out thousands upon thousands of our people."

"Is there any clue to my father?" queried Annette.

"Little one," said the governor, "there was no clue to anything or anybody, or any place."

Annette rose. "There's nothing else that you remember of my father?" she queried.

"The governor searched his memory. "Yes," he said. "I think a mystery—there was a tang of adventure about him. He, too, was a rover—always restless—always on the move But for his child one might have called him a soldier of fortune—honest, perhaps too honest, but fearless—"

"And true," said Annette.

"Fearless and true," repeated the governor nodding.

"What is past is past," he said. "Old Pelee is ashamed of himself. The Isle of Martinique grows green. We sing, we laugh, my people and myself Even all this week we celebrate. You must join us." He signed half a dozen cards of invitation and handed them to Joe Welcher, who sat quite as usual, sulking in the background. "The governor's levee," he went on airily "and you are all invited."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Razor Back.

Around the corner of the coast line on the Isle of Martinique—invisible both from the bridge of the destroyer Jackson and from the grounds of the governor, there jutted out into the sea a cliff, stern and forbidding. As a matter of fact, it was not all rock this cliff—a large part of its formation was of clay. Down the face of this cliff, its sharp edges rising now and then into the air like peaks, there trailed a path, narrow and perilous, from shore to cliff edge, known to certain of the inhabitants of Martinique as the Razor Back.

Along this sharp, steep edge ran a rope, and climbing the Razor Back, clinging to this rope with a huge burden on his shoulders, upward crawled a man. Below him, thrusting its nose into the beach, was a disreputable-looking boat laden with heavy wooden boxes.

This man, in reality a giant, looked like a pygmy from below as he crawled hand over hand to the heights above. At the edge of the cliff he was assisted by two other men who dragged him on to terra firma and who relieved him of his burden. This burden they carried between them to a hut. Before doing so they cut the big man across the shoulders with a whip and pointed to the shore below. The big man nodded. He stood for one moment on the edge of the cliff and gazed about him. He gauged the grade of the wicked, sharp, big Razor Back, and nodded once again; then nimbly he leaped over the face of the cliff, striking his heels into the edge of that perilous path some thirty feet or more below—and then in spite of his huge bulk ran like a deer down to the beach.

The men above dropped their burden and watched him.

"Ah," said Hernandez to his comrade Ponto, "the beast—he knows that Razor Back. He has not forgotten fifteen years ago."

There was a touch upon Hernandez' shoulder. Hernandez whirled as though at the fall of a trigger. A third man faced him, low-browed, cunning-eyed. Hernandez breathed a sigh of relief.

Half an hour later, with his final load strapped to his back, the brute climbed for the last time over the edge of the cliff, this time bearing his own burden to the hut. The three men already within the hut admitted him.

There was no window to this hut, and the light within was dim. The room was bare. "Tidy little bungalow, friend smuggler of Martinique," he said.

The other man smiled grimly in his turn. "Tidy is the word, soldier of

Annette Conceals the Yellow Packet.

fortune," he returned. "At any rate it's safe. You think all the palace matches it. Come with me."

He strode to the corner of the hut and threw aside a matchbox. Leaning down he cleared away a number of short wormeaten boards, then he lifted up a sheetiron door. With an exclamation of surprise Hernandez and his companions observed that there was a narrow passageway cut through the solid earth. One by one each man lowered himself into this passageway and followed his leader. From a perpendicular shaft the corridor shelled off into a passage almost horizontal and widened as it went.

"This," said the smuggler of Martinique, "is the third story, as it were. Neat, not gaudy."

"Now for the bathroom, if you please."

This time they descended a wider set of stairs and stepped out upon a ledge that surrounded a deep and limpid pool of water. Hernandez regarded this pool attentively.

"First it rises," he exclaimed, "and then it falls."

"Ah," said the man of Martinique, "we are at sea level. This is a cave and there is no outlet to it."

"Somewhere there is," returned Hernandez.

"Yes, in the attic—the sky parlor," said the other man.

"Somewhere else," said Hernandez, "Oh, well, if you will," said the smuggler, "but one must swim under water to find the other outlet." He folded his arms. "What do you think of my palace now?" he said.

He stooped and plucked at another iron ring in the floor. It disclosed a smaller hole—filled with contents of strange appearance.

Hernandez seized the lantern. "What of this?" he said. "This commodity I do not know."

"Careful," exclaimed the other man. "If those ghouls, the authorities, ever have the temerity to discover my cache, I shall not be here. I shall be a mile away—a mile, not less; and from that safe point of vantage I shall press a button and—pouf—none will ever live to tell the tale—none, save myself."

Hernandez eyed the other man with undisguised admiration.

"How I should like to see it work," he said.

The other nodded. "Some day—who knows—you shall, for you are a man after my own heart, friend Hernandez. Come, let us ascend to the skylight once again."

They did as they were bid and assisted the gentleman of Martinique to lower his new stores to their resting place below. Suddenly the man of Martinique held up his hand.

"Wait," he whispered, "someone comes."

Their trained ears detected the sound of stealthy footsteps creeping around and around the hut. The footsteps ceased and there was a knock upon the door.

Outside there stood a man—a man who sprang back in alarm at the sight of the crafty countenance of this cunning-looking stranger. But Hernandez clicked his teeth.

"It's Joe Welcher," said Hernandez. "Come in, Joey boy, you're welcome."

Welcher looked about him and then sidled to Hernandez.

"A note from Inez," he whispered to the latter, "about the governor's levee."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Decoy.

Neal leaped out of one of the small boats of the destroyer Jackson and ran nimbly up the wharf. He had good reason to, for on the veranda of a hotel not a quarter of a mile away he saw a girl he knew. In record time he was by her side.

"Look," said Annette to Neal's mother and Inez, "look who's here."

"Always," said Inez, "do I like a uniform and," she added coyly, with a leer toward Neal, "and what comes in them too."

"You got my note?" queried Annette.

"I got it," returned Neal, "but no go."

"What are you talking about?" said Annette. "We are specially invited by the governor himself."

"I'm out of it, I tell you," repeated Neal. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come to the back gate of the governor's garden and I'll flirt with you."

Many came and most were served that night. But among the first to come, though none were served, were four uninvited guests. They were a strange quartet, these four, and they came to see rather than to be seen.

Each one of these four men became a shadow in himself, watching, ever watching. Suddenly there was a light tread upon the gravel path. A jaunty figure swung into the moonlight and looked about him. Out of the hundred guests or so that clustered about the verandas of the distant house Neal peered anxiously for Annette Ilington.

He trilled a little whistle—his signal and Annette's—and as though that whistle were a signal for an onslaught, a huge shadow and another sprang across the intervening space and caught Neal from behind. A coat or cloak descended over his head with all the effectiveness of a strait-jacket.

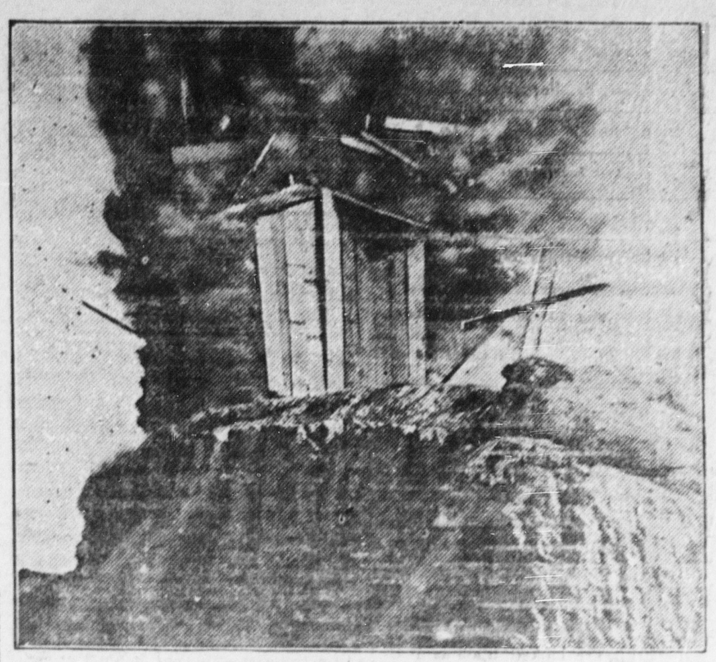
It was the governor himself who kept Annette within the range of artificial light and from her appointment in the moonlight out beyond.

While she still talked to the governor, an individual with cunning eyes and insinuating leer stepped up to the flunky at the main gate that led to the governor's mansion and handed him a note.

"For a guest—Miss Ilington," he said. "I am to wait for an answer."

The flunky nodded, summoned another flunky, and handed him the note. The flunky made an inquiry or two,

The Governor's Levee.



With a Mighty Roar Dropped Into the Sea.

then stepped directly to the governor and handed him the note.

"This is the young lady here, Francois," exclaimed the governor.

Annette took the note to a window where there was somewhat better light, and opened it. It was written in a sprawling, unaccustomed hand. This is what it said:

Have seen scar face. Need you a moment for identification. We have run him down. Come with bearer of this note. Excuse scrawl—right hand N. G. Hastily,

NEAL.

P. S.—Don't drag mother into this. Come as you are.

Annette beckoned to the flunky. "Where," she said, "is the bearer of this note?"

The flunky bowed. "Follow me," he said.

At the gate there stood a man waiting hat in hand—a man with cunning eyes and insinuating smile.

"Mr. Hardin sent you?" she inquired.

The man bowed. "Oui, mademoiselle," he returned.

"Where is he now?" she queried cautiously.

"Where he said he would wait—by the postern garden gate," returned the bearer.

Disarmed, she followed this man into the shadows.

In another instant she had reached a carriage and an instant later something descended over her head, smothering her cries—something bound her arms to her side. But the smuggler had been right. Neal was there, bound and speechless—helpless on the bottom of the carriage.

An instant later the vehicle rattled sharply off into the night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Sponge Diver.

Annette opened wide her eyes. She uttered an exclamation of delight as she saw Neal Hardin.

"Well, we're here," she said.

"I should think we were," said Neal He looked about him. Annette was bound firmly to the only chair in the place and he was tied quite as firmly to a stanchion in another corner. The place was a rude hut.

"I see," said Neal, "that we're not alone."

"Obviously not," returned Annette.

On the floor between them lay the brute resting but wide eyed with the lash of a whip lying across his shoulders. Ponto, the Mexican, watched red eyed and gloating.

Something happened in a corner. A portion of the floor rose from the ground and two men struggled up from a passageway. One of them was Hernandez; the other was the smuggler of Martinique. Hernandez nodded to Neal and to Annette. He took from his pocket a tattered parchment map which he had pasted well together.

"It is the map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar," he said in suave accents, "and I have other evidence besides." He glanced uncertainly toward the brute. "An identifying locket," he went on, "and other things."

"What do you expect to do with them?" said Annette belligerently. "You are not Annette Ilington."

Hernandez smiled—smiled a bit too grimly. "Perhaps," he said, "I can find some Annette Ilington who will do my bidding. At any rate there will hereafter be no Annette Ilington who will try to thwart me."

Neal started. "What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," returned Hernandez, with a gesture toward the smuggler of Martinique, "that in all parts of the world I am able to find people who do my bidding. This gentleman can do it well. I may as well tell you, children, that you have perhaps an hour to live, perhaps less."

The brute looked up, his eyes glassy, strange. He rubbed a red spot on his arm—the mark left by Hernandez' hypodermic needle.

"You are right, Ponto," said Hernandez, "it was the only way to drug him. Lend me your whip."

He seized the whip and struck the brute heavily across the shoulders. The brute sprang to his feet, growling in his throat, but he fell back before Hernandez.

Ponto untied a single knot—the knot that bound Neal to a stanchion. Then at another word the brute seized Neal, struggling, in his arms, and with him descended through the passageway.

Annette viewed this proceeding with alarm. She struggled fiercely.

Five minutes later the brute returned and once more under the stinging lash of the whip seized Annette and bore her below. Hernandez and his two companions followed them down.

"Ah," said the smuggler to Neal and Annette, "this house has all appointments. This is the swimming pool, my friends. You can swim here for one hour—or less. This is in truth a cavern of death. I hate to do it," he added just before he disappeared, "but needs must when the devil drives."

There was a click as the stone trap dropped into place.

"This is a pretty pickle," exclaimed Neal to Annette.

They were lying on opposite sides of that black pool.

"If you can crawl," said Neal, "crawl for your life."

Annette understood. Little by little Neal worked himself along his side of the ledge and Annette along hers, each gradually approaching the other around the circle. Finally their heads touched.

"Careful," said Neal; "close to the wall. Now let me have your hands. Let me unbind you first."

On the surface of the earth above Hernandez and his companions loaded their cases into a cart and drove far across the wilderness into a ravine.

"Here," said the man of Martinique, lifting up the cover of a metal box set in the rock, "here is the switch of which I spoke. One turn of the wrist—pouf—then oblivion."

"I gave them an hour," said Hernandez grimly, "and I keep my word. Let us drink."

On the shore below the cliff at the foot of the forbidding Razor Back a sponge diver disported himself in the water beside his boat, cutting and tearing sponges from their native home of rock and coral for a living Then suddenly he forgot the business of collecting sponges.

He rose again, empty handed this time, and dived again, peering at something strange and new. Then with downward-slanting strokes he suddenly disappeared. He came up in an instant in almost total darkness, then bobbing on the surface he rubbed his eyes, jabbering excitedly.

"Hey there," cried a voice, "and who are you?"

The sponge diver jabbered some more. Well might he jabber. It was a strange sight that confronted him. Two young people were seated almost in darkness on the edge of a black pool.

"How did you get here?" queried Neal.

The man for all his jabbering was polyglot. He knew pidgin English and Neal knew how to talk it, so they got along admirably together. Neal told him his story. The man climbed up upon the ledge and listened eagerly. Suddenly he grew excited. It was evident that he knew the reputation of this place.

"You come with me—come right away," he said.

Neal set the fast-waning lantern by Annette's side. "One moment, dear," he said to Annette, "and I will be back If what he says is true—"

In another instant with his hand on the shoulder of the sponge diver, Neal was swimming down, down toward the outer opening. As he saw the light filtering in from underneath he gave a gasp that almost choked him.

In another instant he had returned for Annette, and with her at his side the two swam in the direction that the diver had taken.

The sponge diver, still gesticulating excitedly, hauled them rapidly into his small boat.

"Me row, you row—like the devil," he exclaimed.

Neal rowed like the devil, and the flat-bottomed boat skimmed over the water like mad. Suddenly Annette in the bow extended her right arm.

"Look, look, Neal," she exclaimed, "for God's sake, look."

Neal heard first, then he looked, and as he looked the whole face of that huge cliff behind them thrust itself into the air and with a mighty roar dropped into the sea.

"It's Mount Pelee," cried Annette, covering her face with her hands.

Neal shook his head. "That isn't Pelee," he returned grimly, it's dynamite—if I know anything of dynamite."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE SENATORSHIP.

Republican State Chairman William E. Crow several days ago gave out a statement eliminating himself as a candidate for Mr. Oliver's seat in the United States Senate. Senator Oliver had already announced that he would retire upon the expiration of his term in 1917. Former Senator P. C. Knox and E. V. Babcock, of Pittsburgh, are looked upon as likely rivals for the senatorial toga, it being generally conceded that the honor belongs to western Pennsylvania. It is somewhat early to venture predictions as to the probable outcome of such a contest.

There are many active party men who will learn with regret of Senator Crow's decision not to become an avowed candidate. He is closer to and more popular personally with the rank and file of the party than probably any other man thus far mentioned for the senatorship. Because of his position as State Chairman he has had to undergo no little criticism from some who would have been delighted to see the Republican party torn asunder. It might be said that much of this criticism was aimed at Senator Crow as a means to strike at Senator Penrose. The answer to this was Senator Penrose's triumphant re-election. Senator Knox would make a strong candidate. The same could be said of Mr. Babcock. It is equally true, however, that both lack Senator Crow's personal acquaintance and popularity among active party men over the State and that the candidacy of neither would inject into the campaign the real enthusiasm that would attend the candidacy of Mr. Crow. The latter is a comparatively young man, endowed with a pleasing personality and the ability to make and hold friends. His ability to do things is best understood and appreciated by his colleagues in the Senate at Harrisburg. He is a man of strong convictions. That he is possessed of the courage of his convictions is attested by the fact that he was not afraid to part company with State officials who were at the very zenith of their power rather than meekly surrender the right to judge for himself as to the merits of pending legislation. He is liked as a man because he is unassuming and wholly lacking in that air of mystery and cold exterior that so many men in public life affect only to learn sooner or later that it doesn't pay.

Few men of prominence over the State have responded so willingly and so effectively to appeals for help when they have been sent out from Penn State College in the hour of real need as has Senator Crow. In the last Legislature, and when the outlook was anything but encouraging, it was Mr. Crow who helped so splendidly in securing for State College an additional $100,000 to the appropriation scheduled. Had Mr. Crow been a Centre Countian he could not have responded more nobly. It is just such fine acts as these that cement bonds of friendship between men of the type of Mr. Crow and the people. Viewing the matter from any angle you will, his decision not to become a candidate for United States Senator will occasion regret among a wide circle of friends and admirers in the party, and outside of it, as well.

United States Senator Oliver's Pittsburgh "Gazette-Times" in its issue of Monday published a local political article rather forecasting a battle for supremacy between Senator Penrose and Governor Brumbaugh next spring, at which time delegates to the Republican national convention will be elected at the primaries. The basis for the article was the reported effort of Public Service Commissioner W. A. Magee, of Pittsburgh, to set up a slate of delegates in Allegheny County favorable to Brumbaugh. Senator Penrose has informed friends that he will be a candidate for national delegate-at-large and the "Gazette Times" article intimated that the Governor also would be a candidate, each likely to head a list of rival candidates to be voted on by the Republicans of the whole State. Whether such a skirmish will become a reality time alone can tell. The Governor is supposed to have aspirations for the Presidency, but whether he purposes advancing these aspirations through the Republican organization, or regardless of it, is a matter of speculation at this time. During the early stages of the last Legislature the Governor's attitude was looked upon as one independent of the party organization. More recently he cooperated ardently with the Republican organization leaders in Philadelphia in the election of Mayor-elect Thomas B. Smith. Because of this fact there are some who incline to the belief that the Governor and the party organization are not at odds at the present time.

NATURE IN A BLAZE.

Gorgeous Spectacle of the Midnight Sun at Karungi.

I was glad I stopped at Karungi, Sweden, for I saw the midnight sun—the almost midnight sun, to be exact, for although it was noonday bright all night the sun did make a bluff at setting. It went down at twenty minutes to 12 and rose twenty minutes after 12.

The sun went down blood red, and the sky was crimsoned almost to the zenith. It seemed as if all the north were on fire. The river burned in the glow, and the sky took on tints that ranged from cardinal to pink. Just as the whole place seemed about to burst into flame, the sun dropped out of sight, and the glaring reds began to mellow into softer shades, the river lost its glow of fire, and the sky dulled and dimmed until it looked like a great inverted dome that had been white hot and was cooling slowly.

There were no other shades than the shades of fire—none of the usual maroons and cerises and garnets that come as the aftermath of mountain sunsets. Everything was carmine. The air quivered redly, and the trees and the grass were rubescent. All this softened gradually into a glowing one toned mass of color. Then, at twenty minutes past 12, at a point that seemed not more than half a mile along the horizon from the place where the sun disappeared, there came a golden glory that spread evenly over the reddened sky. The sun was rising and soon was above the horizon. It went down as red as fire. It came up bright, glittering, gleaming, as if during the forty minutes it had been below the horizon some titanic hand had polished it for another day's use.

I asked in Stockholm and Christiania:

"When do you sleep?"

"In the winter," they said. "Then the nights are so long there is nothing else to do."—Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

How American Cities Grow.

Nobody knows how fast an American city, state or town may grow. I recall some twenty-five years ago meeting a friend in Denver. He was an investor from the east. I think Denver had about 30,000 people then. He had come to buy real estate. He said to me: "This place is overgrown. Real estate is too high. None for me!" And he went away. Had he invested wisely at that time he could have multiplied his money ten to twenty fold. I was in Los Angeles about the same time. It had had a serious reaction after a sudden boom. It was a little place, not one-tenth its present size. It seemed like a doomed city. An investment of $500 than in outlying acreage property, I am told, would be worth $500,000 today. So nobody can tell what may be the future of any of the new, wideawake cities of Alaska.—Leslie's.

Shooting Humming Birds.

To shoot a humming bird with the smallest birdshot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy the delicate plumage. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot it with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee.

Pretty Steady.

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for a position as chauffeur and gave the name of a friend as reference.

Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked:

"Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?"

"Steady?" cried Brady. "Indade, mum, if he wuz anny steadier he'd be dead!"—Chicago News.

Joining Amber.

Two surfaces of amber may be united by smearing them with boiled linseed oil, pressing them strongly together and heating them over a clear charcoal fire. To keep the parts in firm contact it may be well to tie them with soft iron wire.

Plenty to Say.

"Your husband is quite a speaker. Very eloquent after dinner."

"You ought to hear him when the meal is a trifle late, before breakfast."—Pittsburgh Post.

Temptation does not make a man bad. It merely shows him what he is.—Thomas a Kempis.

Peter and Marya

A Story of a Russian Inventor.

By MARTHA V. MONROE

The harvest was ended, and the peasantry in a farming region in the province of Tula, Russia, were gathered in a barn to celebrate the event with a dance. A young man entered, his serious face contrasting with the joyousness on that of the others, and stood looking at the dancers, his eyes evidently searching for some one among them. Presently a young girl with the fair hair and soft complexion of the north sailed by laughing at something her partner was saying to her.

As she passed the place where the young man was standing she caught sight of him. Her laughter ceased, and the merry look on her face vanished, giving place to one equally troubled. She made the circle with the dancers, then, coming again opposite the young man mentioned, stopped, excused herself to her partner and hastened toward the former.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "what is the matter?"

"I have seen your father. He says it cannot be; he has no dowry for you. I can earn on the farm barely enough to keep myself alive. It would be a sin for two persons as poor as we to marry and bring forth children to suffer. He is right. We must withdraw from each other, Marya. There is no help for it."

The girl put her arm through his, and together they went outside. A full moon was looking down on them with its peaceful but cold light. Within were the sounds of mirth and music. For these young lovers their surroundings were in bitter contrast with the agony both felt.

"What are you going to do, Peter?" asked Marya.

There was a brief silence, at the end of which he said with almost a wail, "I am going into the factory."

The girl, who still held his arm, shuddered as if stricken by a deadly bolt.

The factory was a government institution where something was being made the nature of which no one knew. When a workman entered its portals he did so with the understanding that he would never come out. Once in possession of the secret contained within those gloomy walls, the government took care that he should not have an opportunity to reveal it.

Peter Marinoff, born and brought up among the farm class in Russia, was much out of place. His ancestors had been nobles who in one of the upheavals that country has suffered were impoverished. But in him was an inheritance of genius that had lain dormant through several generations. It had not yet been suspected either by him or any one else.

Under the cold moonlight Peter and Marya parted. No ray of hope found its way into the breast of either. "I cannot be yours in the flesh, Peter," she wailed, "but I will be yours in heaven. No one shall ever come between us." "In the factory there is no marriage, Marya. I shall join you in the hereafter." Then Peter pulled himself away from the girl, who clung to him pitifully.

The next morning he walked several leagues to the factory and presented himself for admission. There was always room for workmen there, for few cared to enter a service from which there was no retreat. Nor was it necessary that he should have any preparation for the work done there. When a man is to spend his whole life in a certain employment his employer can afford to educate him for his duties.

Peter's only pleasure in life was when the moon was at the full on a clear night—to stand in the factory yard, look at the orb moving like the hand of a great clock in a circle of the heavens and think of Marya. He was reminded of their parting, and as one's remembrance of a face is that of the last time it has been seen so he always saw Marya's with the moonlight streaming down upon it and wearing a look of despair.

The factory was a place where explosives were manufactured. The only protection for the secret processes in use there was to make life prisoners of those engaged in compounding the chemicals which constituted the explosive substance. Most of the men employed were kept from knowing these secrets by being confined to only a portion of the work. Many were not sufficiently intelligent. But there were persons who understood the whole of one or more processes.

Peter was a born scientist. He soon showed that he was capable of being made one of the principal compounders, and, since there were books in the factory suited to the work being done, he studied, though rather from a desire to escape his memories of the outside world than any desire to benefit himself. When absorbed in the fairy tales of chemical science, for the time being he forgot all else.

Peter was so serviceable that after awhile he was put in charge of the manufacture of a certain explosive. It was not only expensive, but unreliable. Peter, being a natural investigator, set himself to work to find some other combination that would not cost so much to manufacture, but would give better satisfaction.

One day an order came to the factory to turn out as much work as possible. New hands were introduced, and large quantities of stock from which the product was evolved were brought in. With the order came the news that Germany had declared war against Russia.

Peter, who by this time was in exclusive charge of the explosive substance for shells and could use any process he chose, manufactured a lot of shell explosive by his newly discovered process. This went into shells which were sent to the front. Peter, who could not make any tests without giving away his secret, waited for a report of how his explosive worked, or, rather, to hear if there was any complaint. None came. Then he sent out some powder manufactured by the old process. Very soon a report came that a proportion of these shells would not explode.

Then Peter went to the governor of the works and told him that he had invented a powder for shells that had worked perfectly. The governor attempted to get the secret, but Peter kept it. This he could easily do since there was one ingredient the nature of which no one knew but himself. He offered to sell the formula to the government provided that in addition to the price paid he should be free to leave the factory.

Graft predominates in Russia, and the governor determined to force Peter's secret from him to use it for his own benefit. He put Peter in irons in a dungeon and on bread and water. It is quite likely that Peter would have given way under this treatment had it not been that by holding out he might secure his terms. If he did he could marry Marya, who had assured him that she would never be the wife of any one else. If he did not succeed death might relieve him of his imprisonment.

Complaints came so thick and fast of the shells sent out from the factory that one day the governor ordered Peter to be brought to his office. When he arrived all others were ordered out, and when the two were alone together the governor said:

"I have concluded to recommend to the government to buy your formula. How much do you ask for it?"

"Ten thousand rubles."

"Very well; it will be paid. My commission will be one-half."

"I will pay no commission. A man who bribes a government official is as culpable as that official."

"You will think better of this," said the governor. "Go back to your dungeon."

Peter returned to his dungeon. He was full of expedients and endeavored to find one by which he could communicate with Marya. He could write to her, but all letters from those inside the factory were examined by a censor. Peter induced the man who brought him his food to bring also writing material and a bottle on the shelves in the laboratory, giving him the name on the label. Upon receiving them Peter wrote a letter to Marya in ordinary ink and across its face with the chemical a message stating that he had invented a new explosive, but was prevented from using it. What was written in plain ink contained this sentence: "We are suffering with the heat." This was to convey an instruction to Marya to heat his letter.

Now, the message that Peter had written across the face of his letter in the chemical that had been brought him was invisible, but by being heated it came out plainly in red ink letters. The censor who read the letters that went out, reading Peter's letter, noticed the words "We are [illegible] with the heat," but could not u[illegible] because it is seldom [illegible] in Russia. He sent for Peter and asked him what he meant by writing that [illegible]. Peter said he had made [illegible], drawing a pen over the word "heat," he wrote "cold," but the word "heat" was not erased.

Marya did not need the hint, for she read the letter by the light of blazing logs, and under the warmth the message came out in dark brown letters. She thought a long while about this communication, but, not realizing its full import, took it to her father. He saw in it more than she did, but could suggest nothing.

One morning Marya was missing. She had saved a little money, which was missing also. She had started to Petrograd, using the money to pay her way so far as it would go. When she reached the capital she saw no way to give Peter's letter to the czar. Learning the hour that he reached the palace, she tied the letter to a stone and, standing on the sidewalk behind the line of soldiers, tossed it into his carriage. The czar, thinking it was a petition, handed it to an attendant to examine.

One day Peter was taken from his dungeon and led up to the governor's office. An aid-de-camp to the czar and the governor were the only persons present. The aid held Peter's letter in his hand and asked him if he wrote it. When Peter admitted that he did he was taken into a conveyance with the aid and carried to Petrograd. There he communicated his secret to one appointed to receive it.

Peter was paid a liberal sum for his formula and sent back to the factory in place of the governor, who disappeared. Some said that he was imprisoned by order of the czar, others that he was sent to Siberia. At any rate, he never appeared at the works again.

Peter as governor of the factory could go and come as he pleased. He married Marya, but had no time for a honeymoon. Marya lived with him in the dwelling used by the governor until the works were destroyed by German emissaries. Then Peter was sent to another point, where he was expected to spend his time investigating and inventing munitions of war.

A PANAMA DELUGE

On the Isthmus They Know What a Real Rainstorm Means.

LIKE SOLID WALLS OF WATER

It Comes Down In Torrents So Dense That the Rest of the World Seems to Be Blotted Out—One Three Hour Downpour That Established a Record.

Before us spread the reposing, powerful, sun shimmering Pacific. Across the bay, clear as an etching, lay Panama, backed by Ancon hill. In regular cadence the waves swept in on the sands. Such was the scene described by Mr. Harry A. Franck in "Zone Policeman 88" when he and three comrades went one day for a swim in the ocean.

We dived in, keeping an eye out for the sharks, although we knew they never came so far in and probably would not bite if they did. The sun blazed down white hot from a cloudless sky. The lieutenant and Sergeant Jack had not been able to come, but we arranged the races and jumps in the sand, for all that, and after our swim went into them with a will and—

A raindrop fell, then a few more, then many more. Before we had finished the hundred yard dash it was undeniably raining. Half a minute later "bucketfuls" would have been a weak simile. The blanket of water blotted out Panama and Ancon hill across the bay, blotted out the distant bathers, then even those close at hand.

We remained under water for a time—to keep dry. But the rain whipped our faces as with thousands of stinging lashes. We crawled out and dashed blindly up the bank toward the sawmill, the rain beating on our all but bare skins. It felt as it might feel to stand in Miraflores locks and let the sand pour down upon us from sixty feet above. When at last we stumbled under cover and up the stairs to where our clothing hung it was as if a weight of many tons had been lifted from our shoulders.

The sawmill was without side walls and consisted only of a sheet iron roof and floors. The storm pounded on the roof with a roar that made the sign language necessary. It was as if we were surrounded on all sides by solid walls of water and forever shut off from the outer world—if, indeed, that had survived.

Sheets of water slashed in farther and farther across the floor. We took to huddling behind beams and under saw benches—the militant storm hunted us out and wetted us bit by bit. "The admiral" and I climbed up and tucked ourselves away on the forty-five degree I beams up under the roaring roof. The angry water gathered together in columns and swept in and up to soak us.

At the end of an hour the downpour had increased some hundred per cent. That was the day when little harmless streams tore themselves apart into great gorges and left their pathetic little bridges alone and deserted out in the middle of the gulf. That was the famous May 12, 1912, when Ancon recorded the greatest rainfall in her history—7.23 inches, virtually all within three hours.

Three of us were ready to surrender and swim home through it. But there was "the admiral" to consider. He was dressed clear to his scarfpin, and Panama tailors tear horrible holes in a policeman's salary. So we waited and dodged and squirmed into smaller holes for another hour and grew steadily wetter.

At length dusk began to fall, but instead of dying with the day the fury of the storm increased. It was then that "the admiral" capitulated, seeing fate plainly in league with his tailor. Wigwagging his decision to us, he led the way down the stairs and dived into the world awash.

Wet? We had not taken the third step before we were streaming like fire hose. There was nearly an hour of it, splashing knee deep through what had been little, dry, sandy hollows; steering by guess, for the eye could make out nothing fifty yards ahead, even before the cheese thick darkness fell; bowed like nonagenarians under the burden of water, staggering back and forth as the storm caught us crosswise or the earth gave way under us. "The admiral's" patent leather shoes—but why go into painful details?

The wall of water was as thick as ever when we fought our bowed and weary way up over the railway bridge. When we had gathered force for the last dash we plunged toward our several goals. As the door of 111 slammed behind me the downpour suddenly slackened. As I paused before my room to drain it stopped raining.

DARING WORKMEN.

Awning Removers Take Greater Risks Than Do Steeplejacks.

Steeplejacks have long enjoyed a reputation for daring, but it is a question whether they come in the same class of riskers as the awning removers, who take down the "sunshades" from the fronts of houses all over the city. These removers do not need or use the rope and block and fall accessories of the steeple men. Yet they climb to places and do their work in what seems to be an impossible manner.

Starting at the street level, two or three awning removers will strip the entire front of a flat house and never go indoors. They are as agile as acrobats. They reach up to a window sill and then raise themselves to the window ledge. Finishing the window while standing on this ledge, they seize the top stone of the window, pull themselves up to it and from there reach again to the window ledge above so as to strip another window. Through the belt they wear runs a line, and with this they lower the awnings as they take them down.

How they can do their work with so little to hang on to is more remarkable than the tasks performed by the structural ironworkers. The ironworker, if he slips, has something at hand in the way of a beam around which he has a chance to lock his arms. The awning remover, when he slips, falls outward from the ledge and has nothing to clutch. Three awning removers on one occasion stripped a seven story flat of seventy-five windows in the Bronx in the remarkable time of three hours, all from the outside.—New York Sun.

Quebec's Fortifications.

The fortifications of Quebec are obsolete as fortifications, but remain as picturesque additions to the beauty and interest of "the Gibraltar of America." The fortifications standing consist of walls and a citadel built in 1823-32 at a cost of over £7,000,000. Between 1865 and 1871 three forts were built on the Levis side of the river, but were not armed or manned. The citadel occupies more than forty acres. No trace of the old French fortifications remains.

Finland One-seventh Water.

Finland has an area of 144,249 square miles, of which one-seventh is water on account of the innumerable lakes in the interior. At the last census its population amounted to 3,196,700, divided among eight lans, or governments. Of the population of the grand duchy less than one-sixth live in the cities, of which there are only fifteen having more than 5,000 inhabitants. Helsingfors, the largest city, has a population of 154,000.—New York Times.

Famous Promises.

I'll give this back to you on pay day.

We will give $100 to any one who can prove that a thorough trial of our remedy has brought no relief.

Yes, ma'am, if it doesn't fit we'll exchange it.

No, I won't whisper it to a soul.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Needy Ones.

Irate Father—It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need. Son—I don't need it, father; it's the hotel keepers, the tailors and the taxicab men.—Boston Transcript.

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Correspondence

Milesburg.

Miss Anna Miller, of Rebersburg, is visiting Mrs Mary Shroyer.

Frank Kohlbecker, of Jeanette, is visiting his brother, Henry Kohlbecker.

Harris Hagg left Wednesday for Greensville, Mich.

Mrs. D. E Woodring spent part of the week in Tyrone.

Mrs. Anne Witherite has returned to her home in Tyrone.

Mrs. H. Schindler spent Thursday in Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Maggs are rejoicing over the arrival of a son, William Roy, on November 4th, 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emenhizer are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shope and children, of Snow Shoe, visited last Sunday with Miss Lida Shope.

Mrs. Charles Brown, of Yarnell, spent Sunday with Mrs. Clay Shope.

Edward Conter and daughters, of Yarnell, visited Mr and Mrs. William Walker during the past week.

L. C. Smith, of Mill Hall, spent the week-end with James Bryan and family.

Mrs. Sue Huff visited in Bellefonte during the past week

James Campbell, of Tyrone, visited W. R. Campbell over Sunday.

Fred Rocky, of Milton, visited the Misses Adams during the past week.

Nevin Schindler, of Curtin, is spending the winter at home.

Mrs. Roy Coldren visited in Pleasant Gap during the past week.

Bob Budinger, of Snow Shoe, visited his sister, Mrs. H. T. Mann, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kreamer, of Lock Haven, are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Watson and children, of Orviston, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Orin Heaton during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Salona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Williams.

Leon Yorks is in Waddle, where he is employed.

Miss Ellen Hoover, of Johnstown, is visiting Mrs. Sally Wilson.

Will Watson, of Unionville, spent Saturday with Mrs. Christ Jodon.

Forest Schindler visited during the past week with Lester Price in Unionville.

Reuben Emenhizer was on the sick list last week.

Miss Bertha Meyers, of Lock Haven, spent Monday with Mrs. John Weaver.

Mrs. John Kreps and daughters, of Bellefonte, visited friends in town during the past week.

Miss Minnie Henderson, of Howard, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer recently.

Miss Lucille Williams visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. Flem Poorman at Holt's Hollow.

Mrs. Comer, who has been visiting in Houtzdale, returned home on Friday.

David Berry, of Lock Haven, visited his sister, Mrs. Roy Mags, last week

Mrs. Lloyd, of Houtzdale, is visiting with Mrs. Comer.

Miss Mida McCartney spent the week with her parents in Fair View.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lebkichner, of Snow Shoe, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope on Sunday.

Miss Vivian Brown, of Yarnell, visited last week with Mrs. Clay Shope.

Miss Martha King is visiting in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Fulton visited in Pittsburgh and McKees Rocks last week

Edward Kinne, Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace, Miss Lillian Miles and Mahlon Miles attended the "Birth of a Nation" in Altoona a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McClellan, of Unionville, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lucas, of Runville, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, of Altoona, visited during the past week with Mr and Mrs. George Smith.

Miss Nell Hall is visiting in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann Sundayed in Snow Shoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Huff, of Lock Haven, visited with Mr. and Mrs. George Smith during the past week.

Miss Thelma Hall, of Osceola, visited Miss Mary Hall during the past week.

Mrs. Sylvester Walker, of Altoona, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. David Walker.

Mrs. Hoy, of Pleasant Gap, spent Friday with Mrs. John Jodon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gault and family moved to Tyrone on Tuesday.

Tom Quick, of Julian, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Harry Jodon, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkison and Bula Wilkison, of Altoona, spent the week-end, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Austin.

Mrs. Elmer Bryan visited in Tyrone last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Gilbert, of Philipsburg, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs Robert Spicer.

Miss Grace Wallace, of Bellefonte, visited in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Smith and daughter, Anna, are visiting in Altoona.

Edward McClellan, of DuBois, Ohio, is visiting his mother, Mrs. McClellan.

H. L. Loveland, of Lamar, spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Huff.

Miss Florence Peters visited in Pleasant Gap during the past week.

Basil Martin, of Bellefonte, visited his grandmother, Mrs. Mary McKinley, recently.

Claud Smith, of State College, spent Sunday with Dr. Huff.

Misses Julia and Sue Gregg attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Hamilton, in State College, during the past week.

Misses Rose and Alice Maurer, of Tyrone, visited their sister, Mrs. Howard Spear on Sunday,

Mrs. Oliver King, of Zion, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spear.

Miss Stella Grafmyer, and Kathryn Bryan, of Curtin, visited Miss Gladys Glenn during the past week.

Roland Felmelee, of Zion, spent Sunday with Edward Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Spear, of Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spear.

Misses Pearl Bryan and Rebecca Miles spent the past week in Curtin.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird over Sunday.

Edward Spear spent the week with relatives in Lamar.

Miss Hazel Barrett spent a few days recently with relatives in Pleasant Gap.

Miss Gladys Glenn and Mrs. Howard Spear spent Sunday with friends in Curtin.

Orin Heaton is putting a shingle roof on his property on Water Street.

Mrs. Becca Rager is very ill at the present writing.

Miss Mary Yorks and brother Fred visited with Mrs. Hoover during the past week.

Miss Milly Kerschner, of Unionville, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Robison.

Lester Mong, of Altoona, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Miss Rebecca Boggs, who has been in the Bellefonte hospital for the past three weeks, was able to return home on Monday.

Miss Emma Kinne is visiting in Hollidaysburg.

Mrs. Miller, who has been in the Bellefonte hospital for treatment, has returned home.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Dice last week loaded a car of hay at the Mt. Eagle station for shipment to some point in the west.

Mrs. Jacob DeHaas, of Howard, and Mrs. George Harvey spent Friday at the home of Mrs. Etta Leathers.

The school teachers arrived home safe from Philipsburg and speak in praise of the program at the annual institute.

Robert Reeder and his sister Helen, of Flemington, who visited in Mt. Eagle last week, returned home on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and daughter Helen spent Sunday in Howard with Mrs. Bathurst's mother, Mrs. Hayes.

The dog killer is about again. Hays Daughenbaugh's dog got a fatal dose last Saturday night.

Billy Gates was home with his family over Sunday.

Mrs. Charles M. Hileman, of Altoona, is visiting for a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Miss Holter, one of the trained nurses of the Lock Haven hospital, spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Anna Deitz.

Next Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock Communion services will be held in the Kennedy M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Rishel officiating.

Miss Ethel Bitner and her mother drove to Beech Creek recently to see Grandmother Hoffman.

Last Wednesday Miss Gertrude Leathers entertained a number of young friends at tea, her guests including Misses Julia Bowes, Mary Irvin, Pearl Neff, Florence Neff, Martha Neff and Ethel Neff. To say that they had a good time would be putting it mildly.

Preaching services were held last Sunday afternoon in the Mt. Eagle church.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, use Allen's Foot—Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. For Dancing parties and Breaking in New Shoes it is just the thing. It gives rest and comfort to tired, swollen, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Margaret Hartswick late of Ferguson Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney.

A. H. HARTSWICK Administrator. State College, Pa.

Pine Grove Mills.

The first whiff of winter came Monday night, with snow squalls and ice.

J. M. Weiland, of Lebanon, spent last week among old cronies in and about Boalsburg.

A. C. Kepler, in his Overland car, motored his mother to Tyrone where they spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Dr. A. B. Markel and family.

Miss Grace, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey, is seriously ill, suffering from typhoid pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neidigh spent Friday in town, Mrs. Neidigh doing some shopping while Mr. Neidigh attended to other business.

The sharp drop in the mercury on Monday night put a quietus on State road making, but Supervisor Hurley is doing his level best to top dress and complete everything possible and leave only the stretch from the J. Will Kepler farm to this place. Ferguson Township has no kick coming. The State road is completed through the entire length of the township, except the above mentioned stretch.

Last week John Charles moved his steam saw mill outfit to the Dr. Kidder tract near Walnut Grove where he expects to cut half a million feet of oak, so that John and his crew will manage to keep the wolf from the door during the winter.

M. C. Rossman was most unfortunate in losing his black stallion which died last Thursday after only an hour's illness. The animal died before medical aid could be summoned. It was a splendid specimen of the Percheron breed and was about 4½ years old. It is only a few years ago since his Belgian stallion died in just about the same manner, so that his loss is considerable.

Perry Gentzel, one of Nittany Valley's prosperous farmers, skirmished around among the farmers here on Saturday and purchased a bunch of young stock for his big barn this winter.

Wills Cummins, the veteran drover, from the Fort, bought a bunch of mixed stock and sheep for his big trade south.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Neidigh motored over old Tussey mountain Saturday and visited with friends in and about Neff's Mills.

Farmer J. D. Neidigh and crew are as busy as nailers putting up a 3000 bushel stack before cold weather really sets in.

John Mong is quitting farming in the coming spring and will flit to near State College to the W. K. Corl tenant house with a view to educating his children.

Farmer and dairyman Elmer Evey on going to the barn last Saturday morning found one of his best mares dead.

Charles Columbine will offer at public sale next Tuesday, the 23d inst, at Baileyville, his overplus stock.

The John E. Reed sale last Thursday was well attended and everything went at fairly good prices.

Mrs. Catherine Stover is this week visiting at the G. F. Miller home on the corner.

Last Thursday Fred A. Roush hied himself to Lewistown and is now holding down a good job in the Burnham steel mill.

Rev. A. A. Price has been holding protracted meeting at Meek's M. E. church the past two weeks.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, of Erie, has been at the bedside of her brother Claude B. Hess, who has been quite ill the past month but who is now convalescing nicely.

George Bell, in his new Franklin car, came over from Spruce Creek and enjoyed a drive down the pike, in the party being his wife and mother and Mrs. John Iset and daughter. The party had lunch in the Erb Gap, at the famous gum spring under the towering oaks, where it is always cool even in August. Mrs. Iset was formerly Deborah Giles, who first saw the light of day at Bibtown more than three score of years ago.

Drover Cronemiller last Friday delivered to Fred Resides at State College eight head of fat cattle for his butcher block.

W. D. Port, a well known Civil war veteran and highly esteemed citizen, has been ill the past ten days from bronchial trouble. His daughter from Altoona is aiding him.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hettinger, of the Fort, have moved to town and taken quarters in Mrs. Anna Fry's house where they will have their first lessons in housekeeping.

After spending several months at her Harrisburg home Mrs. F. B. Knochie returned last week to her Gatesburg farm for the winter.

Last Tuesday evening Miss Florence, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weaver, on the Branch, celebrated her fifteenth birthday anniversary. A large number of youngsters and neighbors assembled at the Weaver home and helped enjoy the function very cleverly arranged by Mrs. Weaver as a surprise. Ice cream and cake and other refreshments were served and all had a most delightful time.

You don't want to miss the chicken and waffle feast, with all the usual side dishes that go to make up a delicious Thanksgiving supper to be served in the town hall on Thanksgiving evening. The affair will be in the charge of the Citizens Band and we bespeak for them a good attendance.

Mrs. John Hartswick, of Bellefonte was at the old home last week trying her hand at applebutter making.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowersox last week visited with friends of long ago at Middleburg and Millheim.

Next Sunday evening Rev. W. H. Traub will fill the pulpit in the Pine Hall Lutheran church and will also conduct the election of a pastor for the place o Rev. Mr. Fleck.

Last Saturday evening the regular meeting of Penns Valley Lodge No. 276, I. O. O. F., was held and the third degree conferred upon several candidatss.

Farmer Frank B. Homan has the auto fever.

Mrs. Frank Gates has been ill the past month but is now recovering.

Mrs. Carrie Fortney, of Altoona; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kimport, of Walnut Grove; Samuel Ewing, of Charter Oak and Clark Herman and Mrs. Nancie Shaw, of State College, were in town on Saturday.

Owing to a lack of room Washington Grange held its regular meeting in the horticulture building at State College last Saturday evening. It was somewhat past the usual hour when Master Mack Fry called to order a full house. Mrs. Edmiston presided at the organ, assisted by H. N. Koch and S. L. Corl rendered several selections. After going over the regular routine a large class was given the fourth degree. After several short talks a splendid feast was served. As the State Grange meets at State College in December the entertainment committee wants to get busy entertaining the fifteen hundred or more Patrons of Husbandry who will be in attendanc from all parts of Pennsylvania.

The new rural route schedule became effective on the 17th. Mail agent John Shoop leaves State College at 9.30, west to Charles Strouse's corner, thence south to the Frank Miller corner, west to White Hall road to Pine Grove cross roads, north to Oak Grove, thence east to Circleville and back road to State College; east to Centre Furnace, thence south to the Branch and Boalsburg road west to State road and north to Miller corner; thence east to Lytle corner, north to State College and across to the new route. Scott Meese has six miles added to his new route. Patrons on the former route will take notice most of Mr. Shoop's route is the reverse of the old route with delivery earlier in the day.

Howard.

THE SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart,
That loves its fellow-men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With many a kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bechdol and little daughter, of Pittsburg, are spending a week with his mother. Mr. Bechdol has been bringing in quite a few rabbits.

Mrs. W. F. Hall spent several days last week with friends in Lock Haven and Avis.

Mrs. Essie Bennet and daughter, of Mill Hall, visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. Mirl Butler Friday.

Misses Florence and Pearl Confer were Bellefonte visitors Thursday.

Marie Confer, Vina Butler, Geneviere Pletcher, Ward Wyble and Stella Kelly were Bellefonte visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hensyl Johnston and son, from Avis, visited his parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Harvey and Miss Nan Lucas visited their niece, Mrs. Will Perry, of Altoona, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. C. Burnsides, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carrie Comerford.

Prof. Ronald Welsh, Walter Holter, John Williams and Miss Anna Fisher, all were in Altoona a few days after institute.

Miss Gladys Holter visited her friend Miss Anna Dietz, of Mt. Eagle, Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt and daughter, of Milesburg, were Saturday guests of Mrs. Schenck.

Mrs. Wm. Weber and Mrs. Walter Kurtz were Bellefonte shoppers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Rodgers and daughter Mary spent several days last week with friends in Altoona.

Mrs. Harry Wilson and daughter, of Lock Haven, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson.

The Kesigle property was sold Saturday for $1355 to Rudolph Pletcher.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leathers and children returned home Friday from Niagara Falls where they had spent a week with Mrs. Leathers' parents.

Misses Clara Smith and Marian Lucas, students of Lock Haven Normal, were home guests over Sunday.

Harry DeArment spent several days with friends in Johnstown after Institute.

Those who attended the Christian Scientist's Lecture at Bellefonte Thursday evening were J. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Tice, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kline, Mrs. Vine Moore, Mrs. Charles Walizer, Mrs. Christ Schenck, B. Hepburn, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Wolf and children and Miss Ruth Kane.

Mrs. A. M. Blair left Wednesday for her home in Bellecenter, Ohio, after spending several weeks with her sisters and brother here. She was accompanied as far as Altoona by her brother, Mr. H. T. McDowell.

WE PAY ONE-HALF

The purchase price of this famous.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY RELIANCE PLATE

WE give coupons with every 25c. purchase of all the high grade guaranteed products made by the United Drug Company. We are willing to lose money on the silverware to get you acquainted with these goods, which are standard in their line.

"Rexall Remedies"

Liggett's and Fenway Candies, Harmony Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Stationery, Rubber Goods and hundreds of other items, household preparations, etc. When you want something ask for a United Drug Co. product because coupons are only given with these goods. You cannot afford not to secure this popular silverware, guaranteed 25 years, when you can get it on our half bought plan. As an example, this teaspoon that sells for 20c. you can get for 10c. with coupons.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

Blanchard.

Rev. S. S. Clark, of Milesburg, preached his farewell sermon in the Liberty Baptist church Sunday evening on "A Christian Marriage." He expects to leave for a new field of labor on December 11th, and while the congregation here regret very much to have him go, they all unite in praying that he may be successful in his new home and prove as much of a blessing to them as he was to us while he has been among us.

Edward Winslow, of Johnsonburg, on Sunday visited his aged mother, Mrs. John Abbott, who has been seriously ill at her home for several days.

Miss Carrie DeLong will start for Philadelphia this week to make her home with her brother, Chauncey, this winter. We, her friends, shall miss her but will wish her God-speed wherever she goes.

Mrs. Goldie and mother, of New York, are spending a few weeks with their friends, Mrs. Elsie Meyers and Mrs. James Bechdel.

Mrs. Maggie Stover has returned to her home after a pleasant visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Smith, at Buffalo.

George Page, of Orviston, Sundayed with his family and attended the meeting of Rev. S. S. Clark.

Mrs. Clarrissa Kunes, who was very ill last week with heart trouble, is much better now under the careful nursing of her daughter, Blanche.

Miss Mary Lingle, of Beech Creek, is spending a week at her mother's home in Blanchard.

PROVED ITS WORTH.

Dramatic Test That Was Made With a Bullet Proof Shirt.

"A well known war correspondent, who is a personal friend of mine," writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, "tells an amusing story. While in Paris at the beginning of the war in 1914 a French inventor persuaded him to obtain an opportunity for demonstrating the usefulness of a thin chain armor shirt, which he claimed would resist any bullet or bayonet.

"A sample shirt had been hung up and fired at with satisfactory results, but it was with a certain journalistic skepticism that my friend attended the official demonstration at Hendon later. Anyway, to oblige the inventor he put on one of the shirts to show its comfort and flexibility. It was then that the French inventor achieved a dramatic effect, for he whipped out a Webley automatic and blazed away straight at my friend's chest.

"'He is still alive to tell the tale,' adds the correspondent. 'Before he had recovered breath a war office official grasped him warmly by the hand.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are a brave man!'

"My friend disappeared with becoming modesty. He had gone where he could get a stiff brandy and soda!"

What's the Plural?

Some day we are going to find out what the plural of crux of the situation is and get it off a number of times with an effort at easy familiarity.—Ohio State Journal.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure [illegible] at home.—Tonga.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted to do cooking and general housework. Apply at once to Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth, West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted for general housework. Good wages. Apply to or address Mrs. Martin Bachle, 214 West College Avenue, State College.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. N Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

The Romance of Elaine

Sequel to The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories.

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The morning after the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, Marcus Del Mar appears from a subm. ine. Elaine is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar, who gets the torpedo, only to have it destroyed by the little old man. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend, Professor Arnold, attend a party given at the Dodge home, where unknowingly, Del Mar gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is made a prisoner. Jameson, in a hydro-aeroplane, saves her from drowning. Disguished as a man she discovers the entrance of Del Mar's wireless cave. She is saved by Jameson. Arnold and Woodward destroy the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes. In a deserted hotel in the woods Elaine discovers Del Mar's men at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is attacked the men retreat to the woods, where they explode gas bombs, defeating Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking party. Elaine receives a new searchlight gun from an unknown friend. Elaine discovers a bomb hidden by one of Del Mar's men. They take it to Professor Arnold's yacht. They are attacked by Del Mar and his men. The searchlight gun saves Elaine and Johnson who reach the yacht safely. Del Mar appears with a submarine and destroys the yacht with a torpedo. Professor Arnold and his party escape. Lured by a woman posing as a modiste Elaine is again captured by Del Mar and rescued by an old naturalist and Jameson as she is about to drift over a waterfall in a boat. Professor Arnold, in a desperate attempt to prevent Del Mar from stealing the harbor defense plans, makes Elaine the unconscious instrument to save them. Arnold discovers Del Mar's identity. Elaine is trapped in Del Mar's cottage and taken to the under sea rendezvous.

THIRTY-SIXTH EPISODE

THE KENNEDY WIRELESS TORPEDO.

Half carrying, half forcing Elaine down into the water, Del Mar and his two men, all four of the party clad in the outlandish submarine suits, bore the poor girl literally along the bottom of the bay until they reached a point which they knew to be directly under the entrance to the secret submarine harbor.

Del Mar's mind was working feverishly. Though he now had in his power the girl he both loved and also feared as the stumbling block in the execution of his nefarious plans against America, he realized that in getting her he had been forced to betray the precious secret of the harbor itself.

At the point where he knew that the harbor was above him, hidden safely beneath the promontory, he took from under his arm a float which he released. Upward it shot through the water.

Above, in the harbor, a number of his men were either on guard or lounging about.

"A signal from the chief," cried a sentry, pointing to the float as it bobbed up.

"Kick off the lead shoes," signaled Del Mar to the others, under the water.

They did so and rose slowly to the surface, carrying Elaine up with them. The men at the surface were waiting for them and helped to pull Del Mar and his companions out of the water.

"Come into the office, right away," beckoned Del Mar anxiously, removing his helmet and leading the way.

In the office, the others removed their helmets, while Del Mar took the headgear off Elaine. She stared about her bewildered.

"Where am I?" she demanded.

"A woman!" exclaimed the men in the harbor in surprise.

"Never mind where you are," growled Del Mar, plainly worried. Then to the men, he added. "We can't stay any longer. The harbor is discovered. Get ready to leave immediately."

Immediately there was a general scramble to make ready for the escape.

In the corner of the office, Elaine, again in her skirt and shirtwaist which the diving suit had protected, sat open-eyed watching the preparations of the men for the hasty departure. Some had been detailed to get the rifles which they handed around to those as yet unarmed. Del Mar took one as well as a cartridge belt.

"Guard her," he shouted to one man indicating Elaine, "and if she gets away this time, I'll shoot you."

Then he led the others down the ledge until he came to a submarine boat. The rest followed, still making preparations for a hasty flight.

* * * * * * *

Woodward along with Professor Arnold, in his disguise as a hermit, stood for a moment surrounded by the soldiers, after the disappearance of Elaine and Del Mar in the water.

"I see it all, now," cried the hermit, "the submarine, the strange disappearances, the messages in the water, They have a secret harbor under those cliffs, with an entrance beneath the water line."

Hastily he wrote a note on a piece of paper.

"Send one of your men to my headquarters with that," he said, handing it to Woodward to read:

Rodgers—

Send new submarine telescope by bearer. You will find it in case No. 17, closet No. 3. Arnold.

On a wharf along the shore Woodward, Arnold and the soldiers gathered, waiting for the telescope. Already Woodward had had a fast launch brought up, ready for use.

* * * * * * * *

When Woodward, Arnold and the attacking party had discovered me unconscious in Del Mar's study, there had been no time to wait for me to regain full consciousness,.

Now, however, I slowly regained my senses and, looking about, vaguely began to realize what had happened.

My first impulse was to search the study, looking in all the closets and table drawers. In a corner was a large chest. I opened it. Inside were several of the queer helmets and suits which I had seen Del Mar use and one of which he had placed on Elaine.

For some moments I examined them curiously, wondering what their use could be.

Then my eye fell on the broken panel. I entered it and groped cautiously down the passageway. At the end I gazed about, trying to discover which way they had all gone.

At last, down on the shore, before a wharf I could see Woodward, the strange old hermit, and the rest.

I ran toward them, calling.

* * * * * * * *

By this time the soldier who had been sent for the submarine telescope arrived at last, with the telescope in sections in several long cases.

"Good!" exclaimed the old hermit, almost seizing the package which the soldier handed him.

He unwrapped it and joined the various sections together. It was, as I have said, a submarine telescope, but after a design entirely new, differing from the ordinary submarine telescope. It had an arm bent at right angles, with prismatic mirrors so that it was not only possible to see the bottom of the sea, but by an adjustment also to see at right angles, or, as it were, around a corner.

It was while he was joining this contrivance together that I came up from the end of the secret passage down to the wharf.

"Why, here's Jameson," greeted Woodward. "I'm glad you're so much better."

"Where's Elaine?" I interrupted breathlessly.

They began to tell me.

"Aren't you going to follow?" I cried.

"Follow? How can we follow?"

Excitedly I told of my discovery of the helmets.

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the hermit. "Send someone back to get them."

It was only a few minutes later that, in Del Mar's own car, I drove up to the wharf again and we unloaded the curious submarine helmets and suits.

Quickly Woodward posted several of his men to act as sentries on the beach, then with the rest we climbed into the launch and slipped off down the shore.

The launch which Woodward had commandeered moving along in the general direction which they had seen Del Mar and his men take with Elaine. With the telescope over the side, we cruised about slowly in a circle, Arnold gazing through the eye-piece. All of us were by this time in the diving suits which I had brought from Del Mar's, except that we had not yet strapped on the helmets.

Suddenly Arnold raised his hand and signaled to stop the launch.

"Look!" he cried, indicating the eye-piece of the submarine telescope which he had let down over the side.

Woodward gazed into the eye-piece and then I did, also. There we could see the side of a submerged submarine a short distance away, through the cavelike entrance of what appeared to be a great underwater harbor.

"What shall we do?" queried Woodward.

"Attack it now before they are prepared," replied the hermit decisively. "Put on the helmets."

As soon as we had finished, one after another we let ourselves over the side of the boat and sank to the bottom.

On the bottom we gathered and slowly, in the heavy unaccustomed element and cumbersome suits, we made our way in a body through the entrance of the harbor.

Upward through the archway we went, clinging to rocks, anything, but always upward.

As we emerged a shot rang out. One of our men threw up his arms and fell back into the water.

On we pressed.

* * * * * * * *

Elaine sat in a corner of the office, mute, while the man who was guarding her, heavily armed, paced up and down.

Suddenly an overwhelming desire came over her to attempt an escape. But no sooner had she made a motion as though to run through the door, than the man seized her and drove her back to her corner.

"Take your positions here," ordered Del Mar to several of the men. "If you see anybody come up through the water, these hand grenades ought to settle them."

Along the ledge the men were stationed, each with a pile of the grenades before him.

"See!" cried one of them from the ledge as he caught sight of one of our helmets appearing.

The others crouched and stared. Del Mar himself hurried forward and gazed in the direction the man indicated. There they could see Woodward, Arnold and the rest of us just beginning to climb up out of the water.

Del Mar aimed and fired. One of the men had thrown up his arms with a cry and fallen back into the water.

Invaders seemed to swarm up now in every direction from the water.

On the semi-circular ledge about one side of the harbor, Del Mar's men were now ranged in close order near a submarine, whose hatch was open to receive them, ready to repel the attack and if necessary retreat into the undersea boat.

They fired sharply at the figures that rose from the water. Many of the men fell back, hit, but, in turn, a large number managed to gain a foothold on the ledge.

Led by Arnold and Woodward, they formed quickly and stripped off the waterproof coverings of their weapons, returning the fire sharply. Things were more equal now. Several of Del Mar's men had fallen. The smoke of battle filled the narrow harbor.

In the office Elaine listened keenly to the shots. What did it all mean? Clearly it could be nothing less than assistance coming.

The man on guard heard also and his uncontrollable curiosity took him to the door. As he gazed out Elaine saw her chance. She made a rush at him and seized him, wresting the rifle from his hands before he knew it. She sprang back just as he drew his revolver and fired at her. The shot just narrowly missed her, but she did not lose her presence of mind. She fired the rifle in turn and the man fell.

A little shudder ran over her. She had killed a man! But the firing outside grew fiercer. She had no time to think. She stepped over the body, her face averted, and ran out. There she could see Del Mar and his men.

"We can't beat them; they are too many for us," muttered Del Mar. "We'll have to get away if we can. Into the submarine!" re ordered.

Hastily they began to pile into the open hatch.

Just as Del Mar started to follow them, he caught sight of Elaine running out of the office. Almost in one leap he was at her side. Before she could raised her rifle and fire he had seized it. She managed, however to push him off and get away from him.

They Watched. Fascinated, While Del Mar Made His Escape.

She looked about for some weapon. There on the ledge lay one of the hand grenades. She picked it up and hurled it at him, but he dodged and it missed him. On it flew, landing close to the submarine. As it exploded, another of Del Mar's men toppled over into the water.

Between volleys, Woodward, Arnold and the rest pulled off their helmets.

"Elaine!" cried Arnold, catching sight of her in the hands of Del Mar.

Quickly, at the head of such men as he could muster, the hermit led a charge.

In the submarine the last man was waiting for Del Mar. As the hermit ran forward with several soldiers between Del Mar and the submarine, it was evident that Del Mar would be cut off.

The man at the hatch climbed down into the boat. It was useless to wait. Slowly the submarine began to sink.

Del Mar by this time had overcome Elaine and started to run toward the submarine with her. But then he stopped short.

There was a queer figure of a hermit leading some soldiers. He was cut off.

"Back into the office!" he growled, dragging Elaine.

He banged shut the door just as the hermit and the soldiers made a rush at him. On the door they battered. But it was in vain. The door was locked.

In the office Del Mar hastily went to a corner after barring the door, and lifted a trap door in the floor, known only to himself.

Elaine did not move or make any attempt to escape, for Del Mar in addition to having a vicious looking automatic in his hand kept a watchful eye on her.

Outside the office, the soldiers, led by the hermit and Woodward, continued to batter at the door.

"Now—go down that stairway—ahead of me," ordered Del Mar.

Elaine obeyed tensely, and he followed into his emergency exit, closing the trap.

"Beat harder, men," urged the hermit, as the soldiers battered at the door.

They redoubled their efforts and the door bent and swayed.

At last it fell in under the sheer weight of the blows.

"By George—he's gone—with Elaine," cried the hermit, looking at the empty office.

"Pound the floor and walls with the butts of your guns," ordered Arnold. "There must be some place that is hollow."

Meanwhile, through the passage, along a rocky stairway, Del Mar continued to drive Elaine before him, up and ever up to the level of the land.

At last Elaine, followed by Del Mar, emerged from the rocky passage in a cleft in the cliffs, far above the promontory.

"Go on!" he ordered, forcing her to go ahead of him.

They came finally to a small hut on a cliff overlooking the real harbor.

"Enter!" commanded Del Mar.

Still meekly, she obeyed.

Del Mar seized her, and before she knew it he had her bound and gagged.

Down in the little office our men continued to search for the secret exit.

"Here's a place that gives an echo," shouted one of them.

As he found the secret trap and threw it open, the hermit stripped off the cumbersome diving suit and jumped in, followed by Woodward, myself and the soldiers.

Upward we climbed until at last we came to the opening. There we paused and looked about. Where was Del Mar? Where was Elaine? We could see no trace of them.

Finally, however, Arnold discovered the trail in the grass and we followed him slowly picking up the tracks.

* * * * * * * *

Knowing that the submarine would cruise about and wait for him, Del Mar decided to leave Elaine in the hut while he went out and searched for a boat in which to look for the submarine.

Coming out of the hut, he gazed about and moved off cautiously. Stealthily he went down to the shore and there looked up and down intently.

A short distance away from him was a pier in the process of construction. Men were unloading spiles from a cable car that ran out on the pier on a little construction railway, as well as other material with which to fill in the pier. At the end of the dock lay a power boat, moored evidently belonging to someone interested in the work on the pier.

The workmen had just finished unloading a carful and were climbing back on the empty car, which looked as if it had once been a trolley. As Del Mar looked over the scene of activity, he caught sight of the power boat.

"Just what I want," he muttered to himself. "I must get Elaine. I can get away in that."

The workmen signaled to the engineer above and the car ran up the wharf and up an incline at the shore end.

The moment the car disappeared Del Mar hurried away in the direction he had come.

At the top of the grade, he noticed, was a donkey engine which operated the cable that drew the car up from the dock, and at the top of the incline was a huge pile of material.

The car had been drawn up to the top of the grade by this time. There the engineer who operated the engine stopped it.

Just then the whistle blew for the noon hour. The men quit work and went to get their dinner pails, while the engineer started to draw the fire. Beside the engine, he began to chop some wood, while the car was held at the top of the grade by the cable.

* * * * * * * *

In our pursuit we came at last in sight of a lonely hut. Evidently that must be a rendezvous of Del Mar. But was he there? Was Elaine there? We must see first.

While we were looking about and debating what was the best thing to do, who should appear hurrying up the hill but Del Mar himself, going toward the hut.

As we caught sight of him, Arnold sprang forward. Woodward and I, followed by the soldiers also jumped out.

Del Mar turned and ran down the hill again with us after him, full cry.

While we had been waiting, some of the soldiers had deployed down the hill and now hearing our shouts turned, and came up again.

Beside his engine, we could see an engineer chopping wood. He paused now in his chopping and was gazing out over the bay. Suddenly he had seen something out in the water that had attracted his attention and was staring at it. There it moved, nothing less than a half-submerged submarine.

As the engineer gazed off at it, Del Mar came up, unseen, behind him and stood there, also watching the submarine, fascinated.

Just then behind him Del Mar heard us pursuing. He looked about as we ran toward him and saw that we had formed a wide circle, with the men down the hill, that almost completely surrounded him. There was no chance for escape. It was hopeless.

But it was not Del Mar's nature to give up. He gave one last glance about. There was the trolley car that had been converted into a cable way. It offered just one chance in a thousand. Suddenly his face assumed an air of desperate determination.

He sprang toward the engineer and grappled with him, seeking to wrest the ax from his hand. Every second counted. Our circle was now narrowing down and closing in on him.

Del Mar managed to knock out the engineer, taken by surprise, just as our men fired a volley. In the struggle, Del Mar was unharmed. Instead he just managed to get the ax.

An instant later a leap landed him on the cable car. With a blow of the ax he cut the cable. The car began to move slowly down the hill on the grade.

Some of the men were down below in its path. But the onrushing cable car was too much for them. They could only leap aside to save themselves.

On down the incline, gathering momentum every second, the car dashed. Del Mar swaying crazily but keeping his footing. We followed as fast as we could, but it was useless.

Out on the wharf it sped at a terrific pace. At the end it literally catapulted itself into the water, crashing from the end of the pier. As it did so, Del Mar gave a flying leap out into the harbor struck the water with a clean dive and disappeared.

On down the hill we hurried. There in the water was Del Mar swimming rapidly. Almost before he knew it, we saw him raise his hand and signal, shouting.

There only a few yards away was the periscope of a submarine. As we watched, we could see that it had seen him, had turned in his direction. Would they get him?

We watched, fascinated. Some of our men fired, as accurately as they could at a figure bobbing so uncertainly on the water.

Meanwhile the submarine approached closer and rose a bit so that the hatchway cleared the waves. It opened. One of the foreign agents assisted Del Mar in.

He had escaped at last!

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It was most heartbreaking to have had Del Mar so nearly in our grasp and then to have lost him. We looked from one to another, in despair.

Only Arnold, in his disguise as a hermit, seemed undiscouraged. Suddenly he turned to Woodward.

"What time is it?" he asked eagerly.

"A little past noon."

"The Kennedy wireless torpedo!" he exclaimed. "It arrived today. Burnside is trying it out."

Suddenly there flashed over me the recollection of the marvelous invention that Kennedy had made for the government just before his disappearance, as well as the memory of the experiences I had had once with the intrepid Burnside.

Woodward's face showed a ray of interest and hope in the overwhelming gloom that had settled on us all.

"You and Jameson go to Fort Dale, quick," directed Arnold eagerly. "I'm not fit. Get Burnside. Have him bring the torpedo in the air boat."

We needed no further urging. It was a slender chance. But I reflected that the submarine could not run through the bay totally submerged. It must have its periscope in view. We hurried away, leaving Arnold, who slowly mounted the hill again.

How we did it, I don't know, but we managed to get to the fort in record time. There, near the aeroplane hangar, sure enough, was Burnside with some other men adjusting the first real wireless Kennedy torpedo, the last word in scientific warfare, making an aerial torpedo boat.

We ran up to the hangar calling to Burnside excitedly. It was only a moment later that he began to issue orders in his sharp staccato. His men swarmed forward and took the torpedo from the spot where they had been examining it, adjusting it now beneath the hydro-aeroplane.

"Jameson, you come with me?" he asked. "You went before."

We rose quickly from the surface and planed along out over the harbor. Far off we could see the ripple from the periscope of the submarine that was bearing Del Mar away. Would Kennedy's invention, for which Del Mar had dared so much in the first place, prove his final undoing? We sped ahead.

Down below in the submersible Del Mar was giving hasty orders to his men, to dip down as soon as all the shipping and the sand bars were cleared.

I strained my eyes through the glasses reporting feverishly to Burnside what I saw so that he could steer his course.

"There it is," I urged. "Keep on—just to the left."

"I see it," returned Burnside a moment later catching with his naked eye the thin line of foam on the water left by the periscope. "Would you mind getting that torpedo ready?" he continued. "I'll tell you just what to do. They'll try to duck as soon as they see us, but it won't be any use.

"Craig!" Cried Elaine, in Eager Surprise.

They can't get totally submerged fast enough."

Following Burnside's directions I adjusted the firing apparatus of the torpedo.

"Let it go!" shouted Burnside.

I did so, as he volplaned down almost to the water. The torpedo fell, sank, bobbed up, then ran along just under the surface. Already I was somewhat familiar with the wireless device that controlled it, so that while Burnside steadied the aircraft I could direct it, as he coached me.

The submarine saw it coming now. But it was too late. It could not turn; it could not submerge in time.

A terrific explosion followed as the torpedo came in contact with the boat, throwing a column of water high in the air. A yawning hole was blown in the very side of the submarine. One could see the water rush in.

Inside, Del Mar and his men were now panic-stricken. Some of them desperately tried to plug the hole. But it was hopeless. Others fell, fainting, from the poisonous gases that were developed.

Of them all, Del Mar's was the only cool head.

He realized that all was over. There was nothing left to do but what other submarine heroes had done in better causes. He seized a piece of paper and hastily wrote:

Tell my emperor I failed only because Craig Kennedy was against me.

Del Mar.

He had barely time to place the message in a metal float nearby. Down the submarine, now full of water, sank.

With his last strength he flung the message clear of the wreckage as it settled on the mud on the bottom of the bay.

Burnside and I could but stare in grim satisfaction at the end of the enemy of ourselves and our country.

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Up the hillside plodded Professor Arnold still in his wild disguise as the hermit. Now and then he turned and cast an anxious glance out over the bay at the fast disappearing periscope of the submarine.

Once he paused. That was when he saw the hydro-aeroplane with Burnside and myself carrying the wireless torpedo.

Again he paused as he plodded up, this time with a gasp of extreme satisfaction. He had seen the water spout and heard the explosion that marked the debacle of Del Mar.

The torpedo had worked. The most dangerous foreign agent of the coalition of America's enemies was dead, and his secrets had gone with him to the bottom of the sea. Perhaps no one would ever know what the nation had been spared.

He did not pause long, now. More eagerly he plodded up the hill, until he came to the hut.

He pushed open the door. There lay Elaine, still bound. Quickly he cut the cords and tore the gag from her mouth.

As he did so, his own beard fell off. He was no longer the hermit. Nor was he what I myself had thought him, Arnold.

"Craig!" cried Elaine in eager surprise.

Kennedy said not a word as he grasped her two hands.

"And you were always around us, protecting Walter and me," she half laughed, half cried hysterically. "I knew it—I knew it!"

Kennedy said nothing. His heart was too happy.

"Yes," he said simply, as he gazed deeply into her great eyes, "my work on the case is done."

THE END.

WINGED

A Yankee Boy's Aeroplane Experience in Belgium

By GEORGE BRENNAN

When the big universal war broke out in Europe, I, a Hampshire boy living near the Canadian border, concluded that I would like to see some of it. I had listened from my babyhood to my grandfather's stories of the war between the states and the airbreadth escapes the old gentleman had experienced while serving in a New Hampshire regiment. I was exactly the age my grandfather had been when he enlisted to fight for the Union and was so influenced by the romance of war that I couldn't keep out of the fight in Europe.

I had no preference for either side, but the fact that I could easily enlist on that of the allies and could not very well get to Germany decided me for the former. Crossing the Canadian line, I sought the nearest recruiting station and, being in excellent physical condition, was accepted as a recruit. After a good deal of drilling in Canada and then in England I found myself in Belgium.

By this time it was winter, and the two opposing armies had got into the trench deadlock. Nevertheless there were occasional drives on both sides, and I soon saw all the fighting, or, rather, the slaughter, I wanted. I had found my grandfather's descriptions of battles quite exciting. These fights in Belgium appeared rather the marching of men to slaughter, with the idea that the side on which most men were left was the victor. When I saw the enemy advance for an attack it reminded me of wheat falling before a mowing machine.

Not seeing any romance in this kind of warfare, I thought I would like to enter the corps of aviators. Not having been educated to run a flying machine, I could only volunteer to go up with one who had as a fighting man or a bomb dropper. I succeeded in getting myself tried for this service, and it was found that I had the head for it. Not every person can rise to a great height without becoming dizzy, and this of course would render him unavailable for the purpose. The stock of English aeroplanes had been increasing during the autumn of 1914, and experts were wanted to man the new ones and fill the gaps made by those who were killed. So I, having proved my efficiency, was detailed as a bomb dropper.

My first service was with a number of aeroplanes on an expedition to destroy a manufactory of munitions of war within the German lines. There were a dozen machines, each bearing a goodly supply of bombs. The machine on which I served also carried a rapid fire gun.

The expedition started at noon. Our machines had whirred for two hours when we came in sight of the town in which the factory we were to destroy was located. In order to drop bombs with any precision we must settle down to within a few hundred feet of the object to be destroyed, which would bring us within range of the guns that would be brought to bear upon us. The fleet commander signaled that we would separate and then draw near enough to the town to observe the location of the factory, keeping at a height that would be out of range. Then we were to fly away, returning when night was coming on, make straight for a point just above the works, drop the bombs and get away under cover of the darkness.

Lieutenant Meeker, commanding and guiding the airship on which I served, steered it over the northern part of the town. He was engaged in driving, while I noted the position of the factory. As soon as it was plainly visible I directed his attention to it, that he might be the better able to cover it when the attack was made.

While the plan of attack precluded the possibility of a surprise, it facilitated escape after the bombs had been dropped. But the attacking force could not expect to approach the works in the day without being observed, and a night attack on a particular part of the town would likely fail from inability to locate it in the darkness. There was one weak point in the plan. Twilight lasts longer above than below, and the enemy would have a better view of the aeroplanes than we on the aeroplanes would have of the enemy. But there is a great difference between aeroplanes and a factory covering a large area. The latter would be an extended target, while the aeroplanes would be a small and scattered one. The advantages and disadvantages on each side were about equal, leaving a marked advantage with the aeroplanes in the matter of escape after the attack.

One or two shots were delivered at those aeroplanes flying nearest to the factory, but they kept so far distant that there was but little danger of their being hit. Having located the point of attack, they flew away, passing out of sight.

At that season of the year the twilight was short, and we returned for the attack soon after the sun had sunk below the horizon. There was a range of high hills to the west of the town, and our commander gauged the time for our attack when we would be to their shadow and still at a height of several hundred feet. We approached as rapidly as possible, being scattered, but converging over the factory.

The excitement now became intense. If we accomplished our object and returned to our lines we would be in the limelight as heroes. But we must swoop down to within range of the buildings and were sure to get a volley, for it was not to be expected that the place would be devoid of aeroplane destroying guns. I kept a hand on a bomb, waiting for the moment when we should be in position to drop it. I saw nothing of the other airships, being intent upon my own work, though I was conscious of being a part of a flock of gigantic birds about to make a descent upon their prey. I cannot conceive of a more exhilarating experience. Nevertheless I knew that on my self control would depend the value of my work.

Shots began to be fired at us before we came into position to drop a bomb. Whether any of the missiles were effective I did not know. I suppose I should have been dreading a drop of a thousand feet to earth, but I was so intent on my work that there was no room in my brain for anything else. Then came the supreme moment of dropping the first bomb. As soon as I had rolled it over, without waiting to see if it proved effective, I seized another and another.

There came up from below the sounds of many explosions, mingled with the near singing of balls about our ears. The attack occupied only a few minutes; then it was every aeroplane for itself. I only knew that the machine on which I served received a shot that put us in the position of a bird with a broken wing. However, we were not so much damaged but that we could limp along. Other machines passed us in their flight, leaving us far behind, we sinking toward the earth.

Not knowing much about an aeroplane myself, I relied upon Lieutenant Meeker entirely. He could do nothing to help matters, for it was the fan of the propeller that was damaged, and there was no way to fix it. He could only put on all the force there was in the engine and guide the machine over such territory as would be best to fall on in case there came a sudden collapse. Unfortunately, beneath us were leafless trees whose branches seemed to be ready to receive us on their sharp points like bristling bayonets. In looking down at them I felt more fear than at any time of the flight, for I was unoccupied.

It was soon very evident that we would never get our machine back to our lines, and since we must come to earth in an enemy's country, if our machinery did not give out so as to drop us suddenly to death, we would doubtless be made prisoners, which I dreaded more than almost any other calamity.

By skillful management the lieutenant kept us afloat till it was quite dark and we had reached a point not many miles from our lines. Then we came to earth in a field covered with snow. Looking back through what remained of the twilight, I saw what looked like a bird coming through the air. I knew it for an aeroplane and surmised that it belonged to the enemy, for doubtless all our machines that had not been captured had gone on ahead. Quite likely those in the coming aeroplane had seen us go down and would pounce upon us.

The lieutenant and I consulted hurriedly how we might escape capture. We had our side arms and could fight, but within the enemy's lines such a course was not advisable. There were doubtless German troops about us, but if we could conceal ourselves we might eventually get within our lines. We felt sure we were in Belgium and would therefore have what assistance the citizens we might fall in with could give us.

It occurred to me to go as far as possible from our wrecked aeroplane and burrow in the snow, but the lieutenant suggested that our tracks would conduct those looking for us to our hiding place. Hearing the jingle of sleigh bells, we moved in that direction, expecting at least to find a road. We found one and a house on it. Entering, we asked the persons there if they were Belgians, and when they replied affirmatively we told them we were of the British aviator corps and asked them if they would help us.

Meanwhile the aeroplane we had seen came up and hovered over our wrecked machine, but it was now too dark for those in it to hunt for us to advantage. Our host told us that the road led to our lines and the snow on it was so hardened that we would make no tracks. The German rear was about ten miles away and if we could pass it we might emerge among our own troops.

We resolved to undertake it. Leaving the house, we had not gone far before we heard some one asking for us in German. Fortunately we made no sound on the packed snow and moved on as fast as our legs would carry us. We ran the greater part of the night and toward morning climbed a hill, from which we looked down on to the trenches, which we recognized by the desultory firing that marked the line.

We were perfectly safe where we were, but it would be impossible to pass that line and get behind our trenches. Toward noon we saw aeroplanes rising from the British region and come toward us as if reconnoitering. They were looking for such machines of our expedition as had been wrecked. Nearer they came, and the hill we were on being several hundred feet high, when they reached it one of them flew near enough for us to attract its attention. It alighted in a clearing, took us aboard and returned with us to the other side of the line of trenches.

GOD'S GREAT PITY FOR THE HEATHEN

Jonah 3:1—4:11.—Nov. 21.

Jonah's Experiences a Type of Our Lord's Death and Resurrection—"God Prepared a Great Fish"—Divine Ability Unquestionable—How "God Repented Him on the Evil"—Jonah's Selfish Spirit Rebuked.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matthew 28:19.

SKEPTICS have long been inclined to treat the story of Jonah as a seaman's yarn. Many pulpiteers even laugh at the account of Jonah's experiences as suitable only for the credulous. Nevertheless, the Great Teacher refers to Jonah's experiences in the belly of the fish; and those who believe the Scriptures will seek no better ground for faith than this.

Nor is Jonah's account without a considerable parallel. Some years ago one of the New York journals gave a detailed account, profusely illustrated, showing how a sailor was swallowed by a great sulphur whale, but escaped after several hours, his skin purplish from the action of the digestive fluids of the whale's stomach. True, the throats of the majority of whales seem too small to admit a man. We remember, however, that they are quite elastic. The great sulphur variety is said to have a throat capable of swallowing a skiff.

Jonah Cast Out by the Fish.

The Bible tells us specifically that "God prepared a great fish." No one with a proper appreciation of the powers of the Almighty would for an instant question God's ability to prepare a special fish, either at the moment or long in advance. The exceptional character of Jonah's experience constituted him a type of our Lord Jesus, who in death was swallowed up of the earth as was Jonah by the great fish; and as our Lord was liberated from His prison-house, so was Jonah.

Preaching to the Ninevites.

Today's Study, however, is connected with Jonah's preaching to the Ninevites. Nineveh was a great city outside the pale of Judaism and therefore, at that time, outside the lines of Divine favor.

In the case of the Sodomites, the Ninevites and the Amalekites, Divine Justice decreed that their iniquity had come to the full; and that for them to be cut off in death would not only hinder them from further degradation, but also demonstrate that there is a limit to the Divine permission of evil. The fact that these peoples were thus condemned and overthrown did not signify that they had enjoyed even an offer of salvation. Like all Adam's children these peoples were under the death sentence—"Dying, thou shalt die." They were merely cut off from life under present conditions. But their opportunity for future life by resurrection from the dead was not interfered with; for none had as yet been redeemed.—2 Timothy 1:10; Acts 4:12; Hebrews 2:3.

Jonah's message was that within forty days God would destroy Nineveh. The people, impressed by his preaching, repented of their sinful course and sought Divine forgiveness. The Lord hearkened to them, and permitted their national life to continue for a time. We are, of course, to understand that God foreknew the end from the beginning. Nineveh passed away utterly, but not within forty literal days. Possibly the time meant by the Almighty was what is sometimes termed prophetic or symbolical—a day for a year; forty days, forty years.

The lesson shows how much greater is the compassion of the Almighty than is that of His imperfect human servants. Pleased to have the Ninevites turn from their sins to hearty repentance, God granted them an extension of earthly life. But Jonah was displeased. Evidently he was more interested in himself and his own reputation than in the Ninevites and their interests. The Lord's servants should not be so. Self should be ignored.

Jonah Watching Nineveh.

In some minds the query arises, How can God repent and change His mind if He knows the end from the beginning? The answer is that the word repent has a wider meaning than is generally appreciated. As dictionaries show, it may mean a change of either action or purpose or of both. God never repents of His purposes, but He changes His conduct.

The Lord taught the Prophet Jonah a lesson respecting his sympathy for a gourd, an inanimate thing, and his lack of sympathy for the Ninevites. So it is with many others. They have sympathy for flowers, birds, animals, children and, to some extent, for all mankind under the distresses of the present time. Nevertheless, such people sometimes become angry at the bare suggestion that God does not purpose to roast the Ninevites or anybody else to all eternity; and that His gracious purposes will be manifested in giving all an opportunity to attain unto human perfection, a world-wide Eden and everlasting life.

COUNTRY OF DISTRESS

ARMENIA HAS BEEN A SUFFERER FOR MANY CENTURIES.

Russian, Persian and Turkish Flags Float Over the Land—Possibility That Liberty May Result From the European War.

The lesser nations have come into prominence during the war because of the efforts of patriotic committees to revive ancient governments. The Balkan states and Poland and Lithuania are examples. Of late there have been numerous reports of distress in Armenia, due to the conflict of Russian and Turkish arms. Months ago voices were raised in England on its behalf when it was seen that Russia, England and France were to be banded together against the Germanic-Turkish powers. Now comes the demand that the aspirations of Armenia be recognized, that the Christian people who for generations have suffered persecution be permitted to order their own affairs, and to take up the self-government which they lost many years ago.

Armenia, like Poland, lies today in three parts. A portion is under the Russian flag and a portion nominally under Persia. But the greater part is in subjection to Turkey. In Russian Armenia there are about a million nationals; in Persia, 150,000, and in Turkish Armenia, 1,500,000. Religion, caste and business, with the influence of international politics, have been the causes of much misery. The Christian faiths are split. There are Gregorians, Roman Catholics and Protestants. The lot of all Christian Armenians—and this includes the vast majority—has been especially hard in Turkish Armenia, where there are 4,500,000 Moslems. Armenia lies south of the Caucasus and the Black sea. Anciently it was a kingdom, enjoying a high degree of culture many centuries before the Christian era. Later it was under the dominion of the Medes and Persians. The Hebrews, in their wanderings, came into contact with the Armenians. In the mightiest days of the Roman empire, Armenia experienced at first subjection and then a degree of protection to which its later lot stood in grim contrast.

Early in the sixteenth century Armenia's partition became definite. That period marked the military rise of the Moslem. From the introduction of Christianity the conflict between Musulmans and Christians was assured and was the forerunner of the dreadful massacres of the nineties. The modern "Armenian question" appeared after the signing of the treaty of San Stefano, which was to the Armenians less than a "scrap of paper." Turkish assurances of reforms, as given to the powers, were never carried out. Persecutions increased. Russia was only little better than Turkey. The vicious elements of the Moslem population were stirred, purposely, it seemed, and the massacres of recent history followed. France undertook the protection of Roman Catholics, and Russia attempted a like service for Greek Catholics, and the fury of the mob fell on the Protestants and Gregorians. Great Britain and the United States, the latter to a less extent, interested themselves, but the apathy of the European powers in general prevented immediate reform. Armenian massacres have continued, and up to the time the present war began revolutionary movements were developed for relief from Turkey. The time is especially favorable for the prosecution of Armenian claims.

Floating Base for Submarines.

The South American country of Brazil may soon possess an innovation for submarine warfare in the form of a floating submarine base capable of taking care of six submersibles of the 400-ton type. It will be provided with the necessary auxiliary equipage for charging the accumulators and air reservoirs of the underwater craft.

The floating base, or tender, will be 326 feet long, 51-foot beam, and will have a draft of 13 feet. Sixty-six hundred horse power will be developed by two six-cylinder Diesel engines, of the two-cycle single-acting type.

An Italian company at Spezia is building the craft for early delivery to Brazil, if it is not taken over by the Italian government.

Save Your Money

and put it in bank. Everyone should have close relations with a well managed institution. You will make no mistake in making us your bankers.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

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Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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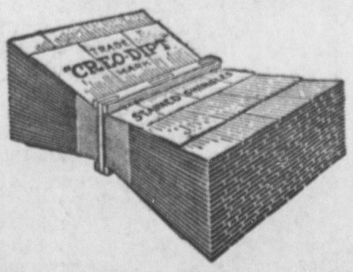

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Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

A Premier Who Won't Write.

Count Okuma, though he is the author of books and pamphlets and innumerable magazine and newspaper articles, dictates all his work to a secretary and so far as is known has never even written his own signature. The truth of the matter is that he forms the beautiful Chinese characters like a schoolboy, and, since the autographs of the great are highly prized in Japan, many expedients have been successfully tried to get a scrap of his writing. A friend once made an attempt which came near being successful. He pretended to have forgotten how to form a certain Chinese character and asked how it should be written. Count Okuma took up the brush and paper, which had been conveniently placed at his elbow, but the plot failed at the last moment, for he put down the writing material with a smile and traced the character with his finger on the ashes of the hearth.—Carl Crow in World's Work.

When Sailors Wore Petticoats.

Very few people realize that there was a day when petticoats were worn by soldiers and sailors on board ships of war. In the days before the royal marines were regularly established as a separate corps the foot regiments of the line used to take it in turns to serve as marines on shipboard. Petticoats were quite commonly worn in the navy in Nelson's time, having been in vogue there since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the soldiers, being suddenly called upon to do the work of sailors, naturally adopted their dress, finding it no doubt far handier and more convenient than their own tight fitting, frogged and braided uniforms.—London Mail.

Hats Off to the Flag.

"The greatest tribute I ever saw paid to the stars and stripes," says Colonel Payson Bradley, past commander of the Massachusetts Grand Army, "was not on American soil. When the Ancient and Honorable Artillery landed at Liverpool on its visit to England in 1896 the line of march was crowded with over 100,000 persons. When we unfolded Old Glory we were struck with surprise at the cheers which went up from those English people. As we marched along every man, from the Prince of Wales to the lowest bootblack, took off his hat while the stars and stripes passed. I would like to see that happen once in Boston or New York before I die."—Boston Record.

Gold In Ancient Rome.

William Jacob in his "History of the Precious Metals" estimates from the accounts given by the Roman writers that in the reign of Augustus, the first of the emperors, when Rome was at the height of its power, the amount of gold in the Roman empire was nearly $2,000,000,000. This vast treasure had been gathered chiefly by conquest from various nations of Europe, Asia and Africa. There had been extensive mines in Spain and in the Atlas mountains of north Africa, but their yield in the wealth of kings and of cities in Asia and Egypt had been despoiled and carried away to enrich the conquerors.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

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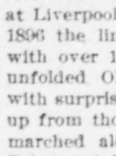

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Harvey Miller spent Tuesday in Lock Haven.

James Solt, the shoemaker, spent Sunday in Williamsport.

Paul Wetzel visited with friends in Tyrone last Sunday.

Wilbur Wilson, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Harry Bidwell visited over Sunday with friends and relatives in Jersey Shore.

John Blanchard and Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff were business visitors to Harrisburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fobel, of Tyrone, visited over Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor.

Dr. Day, who is in charge of the Krumrine drug store here, went to Pittsburgh on Friday of last week for a short visit.

Miss Mary Ruhl and Mrs. Charles McCool, of Spring Mills, are visiting Mr and Mrs. Harry Ruhl on East Bishop Street.

W. S. Mallalieu, local manager for The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna., was a business visitor to Harrisburg on Monday.

Miss Agnes McGowan, of Rochester, Minnesota, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McGowan at Spring Creek.

H. L. Hutchinson spent Sunday in Kane and on Monday accompanied his mother, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson, to her home here.

Miss Lillian Williams, whose wedding will be solemnized two weeks hence, was tendered a shower by a number of her girl friends on Tuesday evening.

Upton H. Reamer, of Williamsport, formerly a resident of Bellefonte, passed through town on Monday enroute to Chicago where he will visit with his sister.

Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, of Philadelphia, wife of one of the vice presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad, visited over Monday night with Bellefonte friends.

Harold Gardner, who is located in Altoona for the Pennsylvania Railroad, spent Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Gardner.

Walter Fry, of Pittsburgh, a Baltimore & Ohio Railroad brakeman, visited here several days recently with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fry.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Bellwood, spent Sunday in Bellefonte. On Monday they returned home and were accompanied by Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs Gingher.

George H. Richards, recent Democratic candidate for Sheriff, several days ago had the end of the large finger on one of his hands cut off while adjusting some machinery in his butcher shop at Philipsburg.

The annual Thanksgiving Market will be held as usual by the ladies of the Reformed church on Tuesday and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week. Home made pies, cakes, bread, candy etc, will be on sale in the W. C. T. U. room in Petriken Hall.

Irvin Underwood, son of Isaac Underwood, passed through town on Tuesday, enroute to Pittsburgh. "Doc" is division telegraph operator for the Renovo Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad and his duties keep him on the road the greater part of the time.

Mrs. John D. Miller has been spending some time with friends at Altoona and in her absence the County Treasurer has been struggling along the best he knows how. His private opinion is that the bachelor's life is all right in theory but not worth much in actual practice.

Professor M. S. McDowell, of State College, departed last Sunday for St. Louis to attend a meeting of the Agricultural Extension Directors of the United States. Professor and Mrs. E. K. Hibshman, also of State College, who have been in San Francisco attending the Panama Exposition, will stop over in St. Louis for the meeting.

William T. Royer, now residing at Niagara Falls, visited in town over Sunday, having been called here for the funeral of the late Miss Evey, of nearby Bellefonte. Billy has been located at Niagara Falls for the last two years and says that he likes the place and the people immensely. He is employed in the printing department of the Carborundum Company, a large concern engaged in the manufacture of grinding and polishing stones, etc. He says his folks are all well and like their new home.

Bellefonte Academy last Saturday defeated St. Frances College, at Loretto, in a rather one-sided but nevertheless interesting football game. The score was 21 to 0. Next Saturday afternoon, at 2.30 sharp, on the new Hughes field, the Academy will play the strong Penn State scrubs. The greater part of the visiting eleven will be men from the Penn State freshman team, which fact insures a rattling good game and one that should appeal to the fans. The Academy has had a hard schedule this season but has won all but two games. The only teams to win over the Academy were Penn State freshman and Cornell freshman. Ladies will be admitted free to Saturday's game. A large crowd should be on hand. Admission 25c.

David Miller made a business trip to Williamsport on Tuesday.

George T. Bush was a business visitor to Johnstown last Saturday.

Miss Florence Peters, of Lancaster, is a guest of Miss Lillian Williams.

John L. Given, of New York, spent several very enjoyable days recently with old home friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Pierson spent Tuesday with friends in Lock Haven.

John Conaghan, of Birmingham, spent Sunday with his mother at Axe Mann.

Joshua R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, visited with friends in town over Tuesday night.

Mrs. John Mitchell, of Lemont, spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of Miss Margaret Stewart.

John Harris, of Mt. Union, visited here last Saturday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cox, of Altoona, visited here over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. Paul Fortney.

Deer season opens December 1st, next. Quite a lot of local hunters are planning to go into camp for the season.

Miss Nora Stover was an arrival home last Friday from Philadelphia, where she had been visiting for a few days.

A son of William Zimmerman, of Hecla Park, last week shot a wild turkey that tipped the scales at seventeen pounds.

Rev. Mr. Brown, at one time Episcopal rector in Bellefonte and now located at Lancaster, visited several days with friends here.

Isaac Underwood visited in Grampian from Friday until Monday, being in attendance upon the quarterly meeting of the Friends church.

Bellefonte Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, No. 206, will have a stag dinner on Saturday evening, next, roast turkey being on the menu.

F. W. Crider departed last Friday for Elizabeth, N. J., to meet Mrs. Crider and accompany her to Atlantic City for a stay of a week or so.

Miss Mary Hicklen and Miss Alice Lowry were hostesses at the linen shower given on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Lillian Williams.

Mrs. Louise Bush and Miss Martha Shoemaker motored to Jersey Shore on Wednesday and spent the night there as guests of Mrs. James Krum.

Mr. and Mrs. John Munson and children are expected to arrive in town this week to visit at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. L. T. Munson.

Wells L. Daggett visited over Sunday in Wellsboro with his brother, Seth Daggett. Mrs. Daggett is visiting for a time in Elmira and New York City.

T. Joseph Kelleher is enjoying a two weeks vacation and during his absence J. W. Sheckler is serving as yardmaster here for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Miss Laura Reitz, superintendent of the Bellefonte hospital, was a business visitor to Harrisburg last Friday, returning to Bellefonte on Monday evening.

Charged with running away with a Bellefonte girl some time ago, Charles Sheckler, a married man, was arrested on Monday at York. Chief of Police Dukeman was notified of the arrest any Sheriff Lee went to York to fetch Sheckler back to Bellefonte.

Go-to-Church Sunday will be observed by the members and friends of St. John's Reformed church next Sunday. The day will mark the 14th anniversary of Rev. Dr. Schmidt's pastorate in Bellefonte. Every member is urged to be in his place. Friends are cordially invited. Morning service at 10.30. Evening service at 7.30.

An informal but very pretty wedding was solemnized last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Johnson, on Spring Street. The contracting parties were their daughter, Miss Mildred Johnson, and Mr. Charles Coble, of Lemont. Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, the bride's pastor, officiated. The bride is well known and highly esteemed and has a host of friends who wish her the greatest happiness.

Walker's fish market has made special preparatians to furnish to patrons the very finest fish and oysters for Thanksgiving week. The high standard maintained by this establishment is the best guarantee that the Thanksgiving week supply of fish and oysters will be the very best to be found in the markets. Shell oysters only are handled by Mr. Walker, and every article sold at his store comes under his personal observation. So that they may receive prompt attention patrons are reminded to place their orders as early as possible in advance of Thanksgiving day.

Bellefonte High School lost a hard fought football game to Lock Haven High School, at Lock Haven last Saturday. The score was 7 to 6. Each side scored a touchdown, but Lock Haven succeeded in kicking the goal whereas Bellefonte failed in the attempt. The game was hotly contested from start to finish. The Lock Haven papers say that Barnhart, for Bellefonte, put up a star game. A big crowd should be on hand on Saturday, at old Hughes field, to see Bellefonte High School and Bellwood High School battle for honors. This will be one of the last games of the season on the home grounds and all indications are that it will be well worth witnessing.

Robert Walker departed today for Sweetbriar College to attend a dance.

Mrs. James B. Lane entertained last Thursday evening with a dinner of eight covers.

Miss Wishart, a missionary from India, was a guest of Miss Mary Hunter Linn on Monday.

Mrs. E. C. Merriman, of Yonkers, N. Y., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Bennett, and two children departed on Monday for a week's visit in Lancaster.

The Misses Ann and Caroline Valentine are in Philadelphia, having gone there on Monday.

Mrs. B. Pattison Cox, of Harrisburg, is visiting at the home of Mr and Mrs. W. Miles Walker.

Mrs. Lucille A. Burnside, of Philadelphia, was an arrival in town on Tuesday to visit with friends.

Miss Margaret Stewart departed on Tuesday for WilkesBarre to visit with her brother, Dr. Stewart.

Miss Ellen Hayes departed last Saturday to visit with friends at Sweetbriar College, at Lynchburg, Virginia.

Mrs. Martin Cooney and sister, Mrs. Gilmore, are visiting in Youngstown, Ohio, having gone there on Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Potter departed last Thursday for Atlantic City, from which place she will later go south for the winter.

The Edward Cooke home on Linn Street has been converted into a double house, alterations having been completed recently.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Magdalene Bartley to Charles P. Garbrick, tract in Spring Twp.; $1000.

Priscilla E. Korman to John H. Barnhart, tract in Spring Twp.; $1500.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to Charles Oliver Witmer, tract in Bellefonte (cemetery lot); $50.

Mina Grenoble to Alice F. VonGunden, tract in Spring Twp.; $100.

Catharine S. Switzer, et al, to Joseph Barnes, tract in Philipsburg; $6000.

Wm Heber Wolf, et ux, to Josiah Pritchard, et al, tract in Philipsburg; $7500.

W. O. Gramley, et ux, to Robert D. Musser, tract in Gregg Twp.; $3500.

Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to Charles Hancock, tract in Rush Twp.; $133.56.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to W. F. Reynolds, et al, tract in Bellefonte; $1.

Mr. Fanning Coming.

Hear him at the court house, Sunday, Nov. 21st. 3 P. M. A witty Irishman, an honest politician, a polished orator. He has delivered over eighteen thousand addresses and been listened to by citizens of every state of the Union. He is logical, forcible, witty, eloquent and is considered by many to be the most pleasing and powerful of platform orators today. 'Always holds his audiences; never a tiresome moment," is the verdict of those who have heard him. Everybody invited.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.

After the Age of Thirty Is the Time to Start In Earnest.

According to the Saturday Evening Post, the best time to get an education—perhaps the only time—is any time after one has passed thirty. The stuff that one learns before twenty is not meant to be remembered. It is only a placing of the chutes and an arrangement of the bins for the permanent contents. From twenty to thirty one is all torn up with courting, marrying and getting a foothold in life. After that is the time for education—from then on until death or senile debility.

A man or woman past thirty is exactly at the most favorable period for mastering knowledge, training the mind, forming the taste. Some systematic effort is all that is necessary. Notice the silly and tiresome ways in which enormous numbers of people spend some of their holidays. They know what to do with their working hours, but not with their leisure.

Most of them by a little direction and a little systematic effort might develop some special interest. Boys quickly tire of mere aimless and painless play. Naturally they want a method and a goal in it. Having a goal is exactly what gives zest to the game.

And having a goal is both easy and delightful. To study anything with interest, from logarithms to caterpillars, gives one fun and profit at the same time. Try it.

The Sense of Taste.

Scientists say that the flavor of food and drink does not come to us through the sense of taste. The latter can only furnish sensations corresponding to the chemical composition of substances taken into the mouth. Although almost infinite in their variations, these sensations are few in number, comprising sweetness, bitterness, saltiness and sourness, with their numerous degrees of intensity.

The distinctive flavors of food do not come from chemical action and are therefore not perceived by the sense of taste, but by the olfactory nerve by which the sensation is transmitted to the brain.

This explains why one's food does not taste "right" when he is suffering from a cold.

Isaac P. Miller, prominent in the life insurance world in Philadelphia, has been enjoying a little visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller, nearby town.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—But We've Had Everything We Needed

WHILE I was in the hospital after the operation I got $50 a week. I'll get $25 a week during the time I'm not able to work, and $12.50 a week thereafter so long as I lose half my business time. I'll get indemnity for a year if I'm laid up that long.

What I got the first week paid the premium on my ÆTNA COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH POLICY for a year, and the insurance began the day my policy was issued. No red tape, no delay, no danger—nothing but solid satisfaction and a safe feel when you

ÆTNA-IZE

"He's peeping over my shoulder. "Tell him for me," she says, "this ÆTNA income lightens a wife's burdens a heap."

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

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Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
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State College Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

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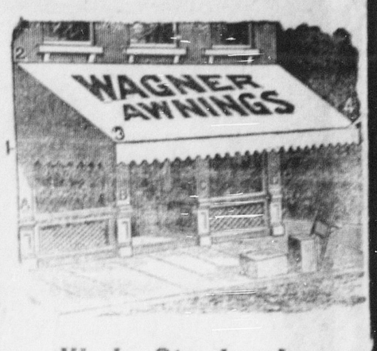

W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S. H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

Big Reduction in Guns

Owing to the gunning season coming to a close we are offering the following guns at a big reduction in price.

One 32 Remington
One 38-40 Remington
One 30-30 Savage
One 38-40 Winchester
One 44-40 Winchester
One 30-30 Winchester
One 32 Special Winchester

The one gun store where you get real gun information.

MILLER'S
Allegheny Street BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Chesterfield Is Always A Gentleman's Overcoat

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You always feel good in a Chesterfield style overcoat—because you know so well that you look right. For all-round style and appropriateness you will never beat the one pictured here—a sheer, moderately full design—just sweeping enough for good style. A coat that will give you your money's most in full wear-satisfaction.

This is but one of the many new overcoats we are showing this Fall—from the house of

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

for the gentleman—the man who is not looking for the freakish or bizarre.

Come in during "Dress-Up Week" and let us advise you.

Montgomery & Co.